



No. 297.—Vol. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1898.

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS.

THE "GRANDMOTHER OF EUROPE."

SUCH WAS THE AFFECTIONATE TITLE BESTOWED ON THE DEAD QUEEN OF DENMARK, WHOSE FAMILY IS REPRESENTED IN ALL THE GREAT STATES OF EUROPE.

The heartfelt sympathy of the entire British nation will be with the Princess of Wales in her hour of grief. By the death of her venerable mother, the Queen of Denmark, at the advanced age of eighty-one, one of the most exemplary figures is removed from the royal circles of Europe. Political history has evolved few more remarkable women than this lamented Sovereign. Without taking a direct part in the politics of her immediate period, she wielded an influence upon the political situation which was more real than manifest. As Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, married to her cousin, Prince Christian of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, the brilliant future which so soon developed itself was not anticipated. The young couple, not unacquainted with that lightness of purse which compels economy to be a virtue, settled near Copenhagen, under the tutelage of their royal kinsman, the King of Denmark. In 1852 Prince Christian was recognised as the heir to the Danish Crown, his wife, the dead Queen, having transferred her claim to her husband. She was the representative of the existing line, which had descended to her from her brother, Prince Frederick, who renounced in favour of his sister. Thus the little known Princess Louise became the Queen of Denmark, and in that state won for her family, by marriages and marriage connections, a singular position among the premier European dynasties. Through her Copenhagen became the centre of political activity, and by her direct instrumentality, annually at either Copenhagen, Fredensborg, or Bernstorff, were gathered together those personages who directly or impersonally were pre-eminently able to govern or inspire the course of events. The children of the late Queen of Denmark have made such marriages as display the prudence and sagacity of this wonderful woman. The heir to the Danish throne is married to a Swedish Princess, while his son, Prince Charles of Denmark, married Princess Maud of Wales. Prince George, who was elected King of the Hellenes, became the husband of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, and Princess Alexandra is our own sweetly simple and beautiful Princess of Wales. The Dowager Empress of Russia was Princess Dagmar, Princess Thyra is the spouse of the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Waldemar married Princess Marie d'Orléans, the daughter of the Duc de Chartres. The attributes of her Majesty's influence are evident when the bearing of these marriages upon the general peace is considered. The doctrine of her Majesty's life was one of touching humility and of noble endurance. She was practical with the wisdom of experience, and

the means of the royal couple, their income was far removed from the exigencies of poverty. They lived in Copenhagen the simple life of the simple townfolk, preferring to win in this way the true regard of their neighbours. No royal couple felt so little the fetters of their dignity, and



CAROLINE MATILDA.

SISTER OF GEORGE III., WIFE OF CHRISTIAN VII. OF DENMARK.

it was this system of abnegation which laid the foundation for a life that in subsequent years won, through its purity and high integrity, the esteem of the entire world. The example of the "Grandmother of Europe" has been emulated in later days by those companions who were the first to scoff. The careful training which she gave her children prepared them for the pinnacles of honour to which they were summoned. Fate has treated them graciously; but to the dead Queen whom a nation mourns at this moment is due the recognition of a kindly wisdom which made this possible. Famous as she is as the mother of Kings and future Kings, Queen Louise is herself entitled to a place among the most famous women of the century. The elasticity of her mind, which travelled with equal ease the labyrinths of English, German, French, Danish, and Italian, permitted her to have an artist's acquaintance with music, painting, and literature. She might have boasted among European Sovereigns the keenest intellect, the most complex character, just as her contemporaries recognised in her *morale* a goodness which they could appreciate but not surpass.

Now that the lamentable demise of the Queen of Denmark is recorded, a melancholy interest attaches itself to the initial connection which Great Britain has had with the throne of Denmark. On two occasions the ruling House in this country has provided a consort for the King of Denmark. Princess Louise, the daughter of George II. of England, married Frederick V. of Denmark in 1743 and died 1751, and was the first English Princess to sit upon the Danish throne. The notable events which crowded into her brief space of temporal power did not tend to make her occupation a gilded sinecure. A few years after the death of this Princess, her own niece, Caroline Matilda, the daughter of her brother, Prince Frederick of Wales, the son of George II. of England, married in 1766 Christian VII. of Denmark. The issue of this marriage was Frederick King of Denmark, and by this our own gracious Sovereign is connected with the throne of Copenhagen. George III. was the uncle of King Frederick, and it is a matter of general knowledge that our own Queen is descended from this monarch.

Denmark has not received all to give Great Britain nothing. Princess Alexandra honoured England when she married the Prince of Wales, and only lately Prince Charles of Denmark was permitted to marry a daughter of Princess Alexandra. The whirligig of time has evolved exceedingly close relations between the ruling houses of Denmark and Great Britain, and this has naturally spread to the nations themselves. The love of the English people for the Princess of Wales is a national and very natural tribute of respectful admiration. No woman has ever filled so delicate a position with such perfect tact, or shown such an affectionate regard for an alien nation. English people who have never seen her revere her name, and when she has suffered, as she is suffering now, it is their solace that a cherished prerogative permits them to share the sorrow of their own Princess.



PRINCESS LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE II.

FIRST WIFE OF FREDERICK V. OF DENMARK.

those who have known her *vie l'intime* have testified to the admirable lessons which she inculcated upon her children in their early years.

There is no truth in the oft-repeated story that the present King was compelled to receive pupils for musical tuition. However straitened were



MISS MINNIE HUNT IN "A GREEK SLAVE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND REIL, MANCHESTER.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE DEVIL'S ISLAND.

MAÎTRE DEMANGE, DEFENDER OF DREYFUS.

I feel pride in being able to present to the readers of *The Sketch* this portrait and brief memorial. As I write these lines in a beautiful country-house near Paris, yet absolutely shut off from its noise and bustle, I think of the future and of the French names to be recorded by



DREYFUS'S DEFENDER.

Photo by Pirou, Paris.

history in letters of gold. It is not necessary for me to enter, however briefly, into the Dreyfus case. The structure of fraud and lies is now undermined; clear as day are the humiliating facts that an excellent French officer, simply because he had the misfortune to be a Jew, has fallen a victim to plot as hideous as any disgracing the annals of the Inquisition. But France, like Israel of old, is saved by the remnant. The *élite*, intellectual and moral, have all along clamoured for legality and justice. Among the foremost of these noble-minded men and women—"Dreyfusards," as they are called by Drumont, Rochefort, and their vile followers—stands Maître Demange, who defended Dreyfus in the infamous simulacrum called a trial, and who has unflinchingly upheld his innocence ever since. The great barrister is now with his young son and daughter taking holiday in his charming country-house on the edge of the Forest of Rambouillet. During the last few days it has been my privilege to spend hours in his company, the one topic of these *al-fresco* teas being the Dreyfus case and its recent and startling development. The central figure of each gathering is, of course, Maître Demange, whose fine, portly presence—may I permit myself to say so?—has something of English build and characteristic. Unflaggingly cheerful, he does not always share the sanguine hopes of his listeners, but catches with the same eagerness at every hopeful sign. Here let me record a curious and highly suggestive incident. The news of Henry's arrest naturally caused immense excitement in this passionately "Dreyfusard" circle. As we all sat in Maître Demange's drawing-room discussing the subject, he said, "You will see we shall hear to-morrow that Henry has committed suicide." And true enough next morning's papers brought the news!

The holiday recreation of the great lawyer is fishing, and let us hope that ere another Long Vacation comes round he may enjoy the satisfaction of reaping as he has sown, of seeing the cause triumph in which he has worked with such lofty courage, unswerving determination, and generous disinterestedness. Such men do not belong to France only, but to humanity, and it is by such men that their country and their generation are vindicated!

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE CASE.

The meetings of the French Cabinet, to which the Parisian is usually supremely indifferent, have suddenly acquired interest through the complications of the Dreyfus case. During the last three or four Cabinet meetings the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Avenue Marigny has been occupied by a crowd of reporters, Deputies, and other victims of the passion for news. M. Etienne, the leader of the Colonial Party in the Chamber, does not disdain to join the throng, nor does M. Emmanuel Arène, the uncrowned king of Corsica, who is reputed to have a more extensive acquaintance among real live brigands than any man living. Conspicuous on this political Rialto is the *rédaCTRICE* *parlementaire* of *La Fronde*, the women's paper. This lady, the first of her sex to obtain admission to the Press gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, is on terms of the utmost good fellowship with her male confrères, and does not disdain to accept light refreshment outside the appropriately named Café de la Tentation while awaiting developments. Ranged along the opposite side of the avenue are the Ministerial carriages, all painted in sober black, with dark-blue cushions. The coachmen, all in plain, blue livery, with a tricoloured cockade in the hat, are by no means conspicuous for smartness of attire, but this is, no doubt, one of the far-reaching consequences of Ministerial instability. Eventually the signal indicating the end of the Cabinet Council is given by the carriages driving round the corner and into the courtyard of the Elysée to take up their masters. The crowd moves in the same direction, and collects opposite the palace gates. The alleged working-men, who are probably detectives acting as *agents provocateurs*, get up an argument for and against Dreyfus, without attracting much attention. The Minister of Marine drives away smoking the cherished end of a cigar, and moves a man in the front row to remark that Lockroy has relighted his *mégot* (Anglice, stub). M. Bourgeois, who

has a reputation for cleverness, is applauded. M. Brisson, the Premier, comes last of all. Usually he walks the hundred and fifty yards between the Elysée and the Ministry of the Interior, but on this occasion he drives, with a footman as well as coachman on the box. For a Frenchman, M. Brisson is well dressed, and wears a silk hat that is positively glossy. He quickly disappears through the gilded gateway of the Ministry, and the representatives of the Press precipitate themselves, as the French express it, after him. They are soon admitted to the inner sanctum, and the Premier reads them the official version, drawn up by himself, of the Cabinet's deliberations. He even carries his complaisance so far as to answer one or two of the least indiscreet questions. All this is truly Republican simplicity. The British imagination would recoil with horror from the mere suggestion that Lord Salisbury should be interviewed under such circumstances.

The demand for news of the Dreyfus affair has developed an almost American spirit of enterprise in the Paris reporters. When it was first rumoured that Major Esterhazy had disappeared, a member of the *Siccle* staff hit on an ingenious expedient. He "made up" as a postman and presented himself with a dummy registered letter, which, in accordance with the rule prevailing in Paris, he declined to deliver to anyone but the addressee in person. The trick was not suspected, and the reporter was enabled to convince himself that the Major was really absent. Another reporter, who called while the police were searching the premises, was immediately captured by the detectives posted at the door, and was imprisoned in a small ante-chamber, where, thanks to a penknife and a thin partition, he overheard all that was going on, and wrote a realistic description, to the intense disgust of his rivals.

During M. Bertulus' investigation of the charges against Colonel du Paty de Clam, it was freely rumoured one night that the incriminated officer had been arrested. The *Figaro* promptly despatched a reporter to the Colonel's address in the Avenue Bosquet. He reached his destination considerably after midnight. Stumbling up the unfamiliar staircase in the darkness, the journalist rang repeatedly at the Colonel's door. There was no response at first, but suddenly the door was thrown violently open and disclosed Colonel du Paty de Clam in his nightshirt. When the visitor, with some diffidence, explained his mission, the Colonel's rage knew no bounds. "Il ne manquerait plus que cela!" he shouted, and the intruder retired in confusion under a heavy fire of military expletives. Possibly this incident may have prejudiced the gallant officer against the Press. When he reached home after his dismissal from active service, he found the entrance to his house besieged by about twenty reporters, whom the concierge was vainly endeavouring to "move on." Marching through the excited crowd in stony silence, the Colonel shut himself up in his flat, and even the registered-letter dodge failed to unearth him.

G. A. RAPER.



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: MARCHING THE PRISONER TO THE PARADE D'EXECUTION, JANUARY 5, 1895.

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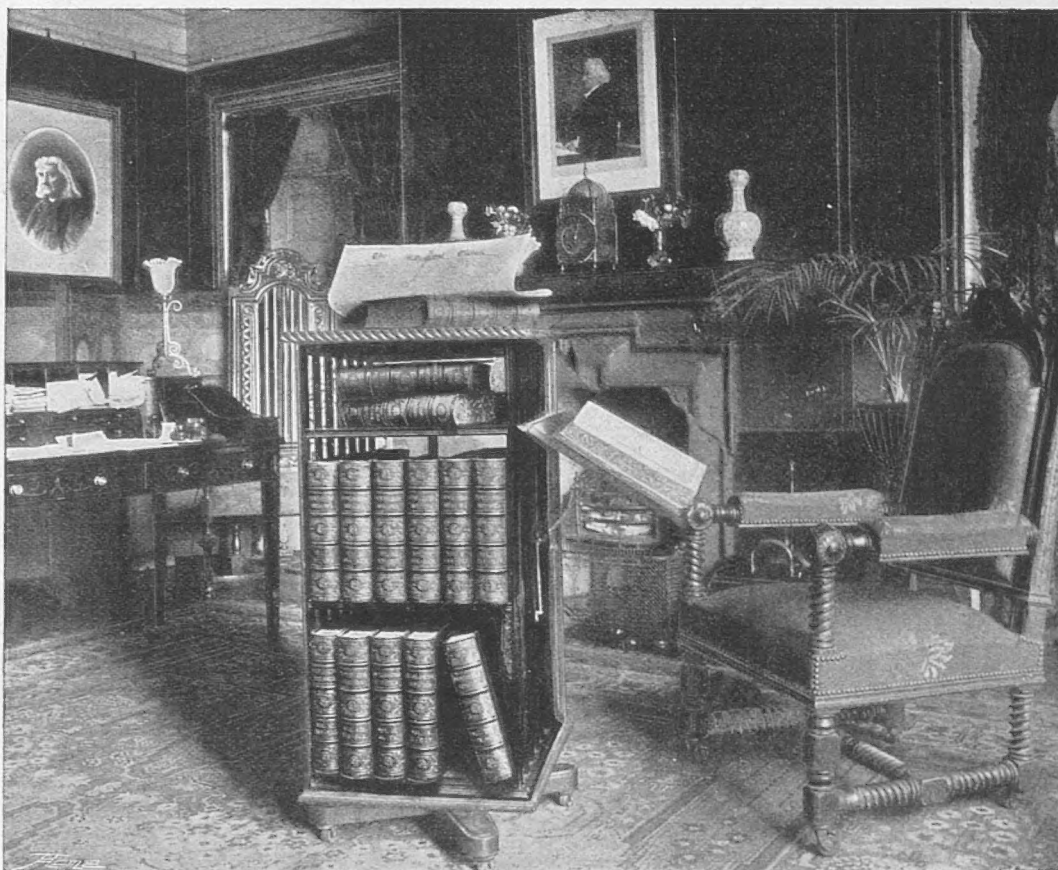
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Everybody, I am sure, will sympathise deeply with the Princess of Wales in the loss of her mother, Queen Louise, which occurred on Wednesday evening. The Danish royal family have all been knit together in the bonds of simple affection so closely that, though they have risen to the highest places all over Europe, they have ever been eager to return to the old home. What that home is like you will find described and illustrated in the current number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

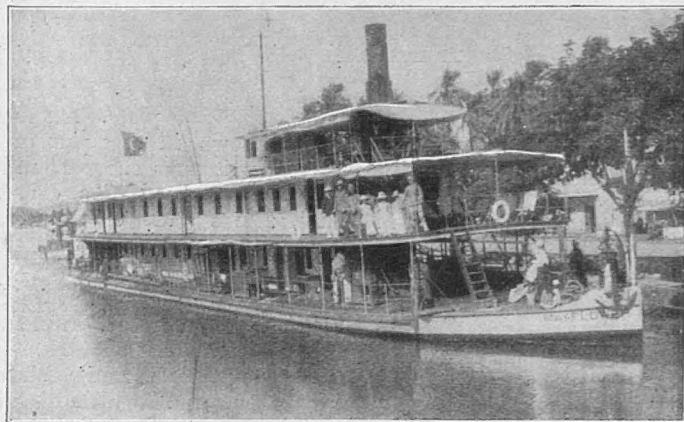
It was also on Wednesday that Mr. Bayard died. As Ambassador at the Court of St. James's he had made himself very popular—his predecessors had only the rank of Minister—and it is not too much to say that he did a great deal to bring about the better feeling between this country and the United States. Mr. Bayard would have been seventy on the 29th of this month. The dead Queen was eighty-one.

On Monday last week Sir George Grey was buried in St. Paul's. Here is a picture of the house which he lived in on his island home, Kawau, in the Hauraki Gulf, about twenty-nine miles from Auckland, N.Z.

The moment in Peking seems ripe for Li Hung Chang to become Emperor of China, and thereby realise a latent scheme of General

is why he is favourably disposed to England, if England would only further his interests.

The word *Mayflower* has by reason of its association become an inspiring term. Hence one could scarcely have got a better name for the Red Cross Society's steamer which has been chartered to convey sick and wounded soldiers from the Soudan between Assouan and Cairo. She

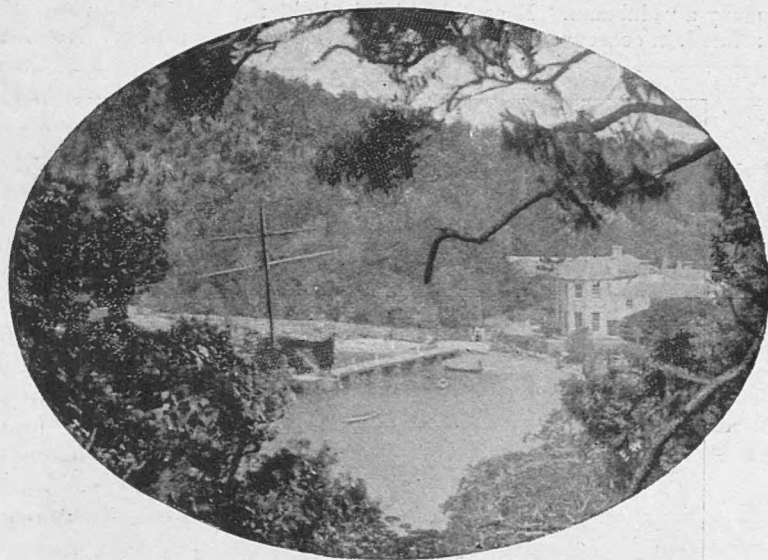


THE HOSPITAL STEAMER "MAYFLOWER" AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF SICK SOLDIERS AT ASSOUAN.

Photo by Staff-Surgeon Meade, H.M.S. "Fearless."

carries two medical officers and eight men of the Royal Army Medical Corps, lent by the Government, and two nurses sent out by the society. Reconstructed from a pleasure vessel into a hospital ship to hold fifty-two sick and wounded, and on an emergency seventy-two patients, she is fitted out with the most modern medical and surgical appliances and medical comforts of every description. The sick and wounded will thus enjoy the luxury of being conveyed by river and be saved the heat, choking dust, and severe discomforts of the railway journey of about six hundred miles between Assouan and Cairo, which a high authority has described as the worst part of the transit from Khartoum to the latter place. The ship was inspected by the General Officer Commanding, and started on Sept. 6 on her first voyage of mercy, leaving Assouan for Cairo on Sept. 15 with twenty-eight wounded and twenty-four sick, including six officers—Molyneux, Hopkinson, Clark, Geogehan, Sloggett, and Dyke—all doing well.

London ought not to be very long without a Soudan Exhibition. The special correspondents and the Khalifa's prisoners have created a large amount of interest in the country, and there must be plenty of material for a very attractive show. Needless to say, the *pièce de résistance* would be the Mahdi's head, which some adventurous gentleman is sending to London, and I am not without hopes that before these lines are printed there may be a good chance of adding Abdullah's to the collection. These, with fragments of the Mahdi's tomb, models of Khartoum and Omdurman, Dervish weapons, ivory, skins, feathers, and agricultural implements, together with a fair collection of natives, would make a successful exhibition. I am waiting to see the battle of Omdurman presented at one of our leading halls on a cinematograph. Surely it was taken! I know of more than one adventurous person who was bent on making the attempt.



SIR GEORGE GREY'S HOUSE.

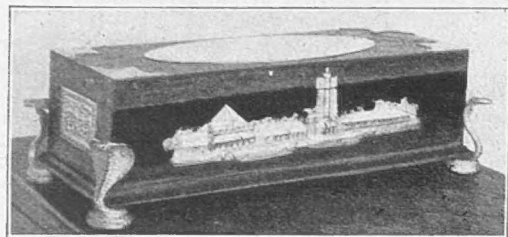
"Chinese" Gordon. Matters never advanced beyond suggestion. Gordon suggested, Li Hung Chang considered, and an official summons from England frustrated the designs. After the reconciliation between Li Hung Chang and General Gordon, when the latter had entailed a crushing defeat upon the rebels in the south, General Gordon requested troops from Li Hung Chang to march upon Peking. The meeting took place in Li's house *after dinner*, and Li Hung Chang was to be installed upon the throne. Li Hung Chang was dubious, and General Gordon waited for his answer till the morning. That night Gordon was ordered home by cable, and, without meeting again, Li Hung Chang became separated from the man who might have made him Emperor. Li Hung Chang has never forgotten this unpublished bit of history, and that



THE NORTHERN MEETING AT INVERNESS: THE COMPETING PIPERS.

Photo by John Munro, Dingwall.

When Sir Arthur E. Havelock, the Governor of Madras, recently visited the Tanjore District, the wealthiest in the Madras Presidency, he was presented with an ebony and silver casket, which enclosed an address to his Excellency from the citizens of Negapatnam and Nagore, a municipality of about seventy thousand inhabitants.



CASKET PRESENTED TO SIR ARTHUR HAVELOCK.

The design of the casket is in front a view of the port of Negapatnam; at the ends and reverse, Indian Swami work, representing Hindu deities; while on the top is shown an inscription on an oval plate. The casket is

supported by four cobras, the cobra being known in that part of India as the "good snake," although it is a very poisonous one. The idea of pious Hindus is that the earth rests on the head of a cobra, and Negapatnam, or Nagapatnam in Tamil, means "the city or town of cobras," which are numerous there.

Below is a reproduction of an early Victorian almanac, probably the most diminutive ever published. It is the exact size of the illustration, and measures only three-quarters of an inch by half an inch. When fitted into the small leather case which accompanies it and is shown in the reproduction, it is indeed a "Bijou" almanac. This little book is the calendar for 1838, and for a frontispiece has a portrait of the Queen as she appeared in the first year of her reign, and below the portrait is a facsimile of her Majesty's autograph. There are also other pictures in this interesting tiny book, and, further than this, as the title-page shows, it is poetically illustrated by "L. E. L." We must remember that at the period when this almanac was produced anything from the pen of "L. E. L." would be a great attraction—indeed, it was said that no annual was deemed complete unless contributed to by Letitia Elizabeth Landon. She very early acquired a great reputation, so that rival publishers vied with each other in endeavouring to obtain her aid. In our day the verse she wrote would certainly not attract the attention it did sixty years ago. It is somewhat singular that this poetess died in the year of the publication of the almanac—1838. Here is a specimen of her verse which appears on the leaf following the title-page—

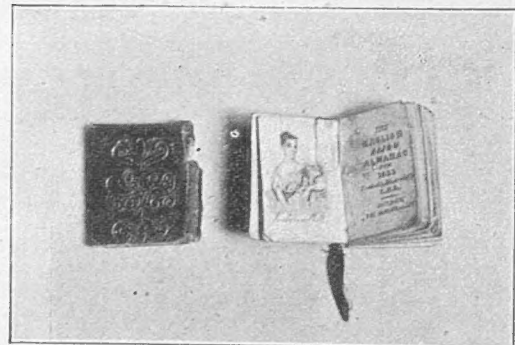
THE QUEEN.

And has that young and graceful hand
Empire o'er land and sea?
Yet though upon the Lion's mane,
Our little tome may be
A fitting offering calling back
Thy childish days to thee.
A toy—a trifle, not the less
Our fairy volume brings
The heartfelt wishes for thy sake
That wait on graver things;
May every hour its tablets note,
For thee wear angels' wings.

I am pleased to see that some few people are beginning to trace the recent outbreak of London ruffianism to at least one of its several sources, the music-hall. Outside the Empire, Alhambra, and Palace, where can you go without finding on the music-hall stage a very glorification of drink, riot, and offensive behaviour? It is but seldom I visit "the halls"; I am always sure of what the programme will consist without the trouble of sitting through it. Who can spend an hour in a hall without meeting the low comedian who impersonates a bibulous ruffian? Only a few months ago all London street-Arabbdom was singing some song with a chorus of which a few lines linger in my memory—

Strollin' round the
tarn,
'Nockin' people darn,
'Tastin' every kind o'
wet,
'Avin' a good ole time,
yer bet, &c.

Is not the condition described by these lines dear to the heart of every "Hooligan"? Is it not the cheapest and readiest form of fame that comes to his hand? He has

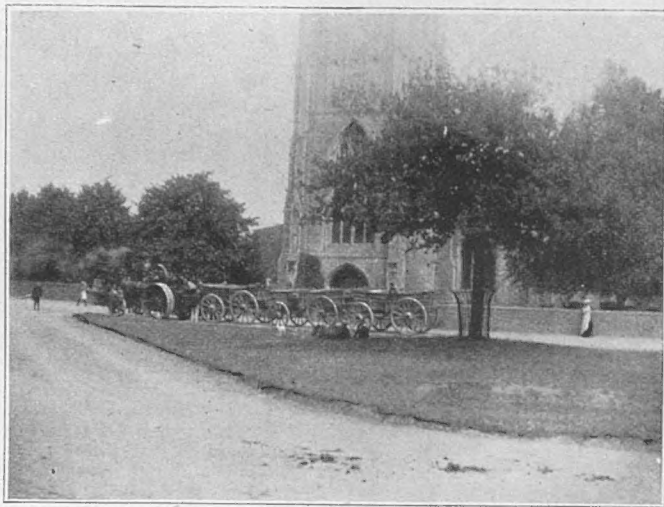


A VICTORIAN ALMANAC OF SIXTY YEARS AGO
(EXACT SIZE).

no other teacher than the streets and the music-halls, and while the latter fill the former with such choruses, what can be expected from our native ruffians? Yet, if any attempt were made to curb the vulgar exuberance of such songs, there would be a huge outcry among the people to whom the trash spells luxury. I am inclined to think that many a "Hooligan" owes his condition to the music-halls and the phases of existence they seek to glorify.

Apropos of the "Hooligan" disturbance, I am surprised to see that certain Continental views of the question have escaped attention in the English Press. The journalists of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and some large towns in France and Germany gave full rein to their imagination in the time of our troubles. A kind friend, who knows that I delight in journalistic enterprise, sent me twenty or more papers, from which I learnt, with some surprise, that London was in a state of siege, and all the forces at its disposal for the preservation of law and order were paralysed. Unoffending citizens were being stabbed to death in the open street, murder was stalking through the city at noonday, a reign of terror was in progress, and people were arming and forming themselves into committees of public safety. Thus the Continental journalists treated the trouble, until I was forced to believe the wish must be the father to the thought. Nobody can deny that in certain districts the trouble was very bad and is not yet removed, but it has always been far from the condition described in a section of the Continental Press. One may learn from the incident to place a very modified reliance upon what passes muster as foreign news. While great newspapers and agencies may be reckoned above suspicion, they are always assailed by the makers of the canard. When I read one of the halfpenny sheets sold on the Paris boulevards, sheets given over entirely to the imagination of the staff, I am forced to the conclusion that a very large section of Frenchmen of the lower orders do not care for facts—they prefer imaginative writing.

In Lincolnshire, village friendly societies have an annual "club feast." A special feature of the day's proceedings is divine service in the Parish Church—a but once-a-year occurrence, unfortunately, to many a "clubman." Recently a club had differences with the vicar, who refused, in consequence, to conduct a service on club feast-day. Not to be



GOING TO CHURCH ON A TRACTION-ENGINE.

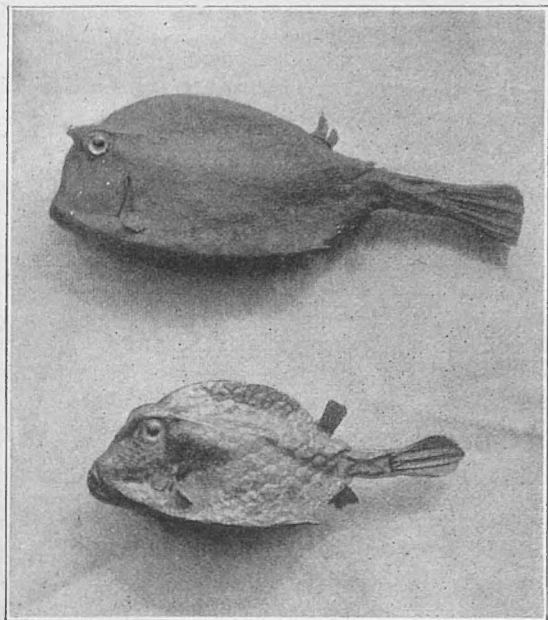
Photo by Mr. Gee.

outdone, an official took his fellow members in three ordinary agricultural waggons, drawn by his powerful compound traction-engine, to a neighbouring church, where a friendly clergyman performed the usual spiritual offices. The illustration shows the light railway train waiting for its passengers at church.

The French Government talks of buying the house where Corneille was born and where he lived for sixty years and wrote his plays. This house is at Rouen, only a few steps away from the old market-place where Joan of Arc was burned. More than two centuries have passed since the dramatist lived there, and it has changed from hand to hand of private tenants and has been much altered. The ancient front has been torn down, and in its place is a hideous modern front covered with plaster, and the interior has been so many times renewed that, according to the archaeologists, there is nothing left of Corneille's house but the position of the rafters. The discussion seems to turn, then, on whether or not any sentiment still hangs about the place, whether there still rests here something of the soul of him that created the masterpieces of French tragedy.

It appears curious that the sentimental French should have left the birthplace of their great tragic poet so long to neglect, and only when successive tenants and rebuilding have effaced its personality should think of setting it apart as a relic. Certainly if we were haggling at this late day with some private owner over the birthplace of Shakspeare, our dilatoriness would be set down, and rightly, to a vulgar lack of sentiment. But what looks curious in this matter is only on the surface; there is a true national instinct at the root of this neglect. Great artist as he was, Corneille did not express the soul of France. He was part and parcel of the classical school that Louis XIV. veneered on to France, as a stucco is sometimes put over a master fresco because stucco is the fashion. Corneille's works are Greek and not French, and their author is admired and not loved. The French on pious pilgrimage to Rouen will never linger over the relics of Corneille, for the memory of one that is dear to the French heart is close by. The Stratford-on-Avon, the Weimar of France, is in the old market-place where the Pucelle was burned.

These fish are inhabitants of the Red Sea and are known by both natives and tourists as the "Bull" and "Cow" Fish. The natives are adepts at preserving them, and they are eagerly bought by tourists, bearing, as they do, a distinct resemblance to the animals mentioned.



"BULL" AND "COW" FISH.

Excommunication is still practised by Presbyterians in Scotland. A farmer near Aberdeen, with the historic name of Bothwell, who has been a member of the congregation of Oldmarcher Cathedral for upwards of twenty years, was recently refused a communion-card. The elder, in refusing it, acted on the instruction of the minister of the parish, Dr. Jamieson, on the ground that Mr. Bothwell did not attend church. Mr. Bothwell, by the way, unkindly remarked that he was always in his pew when the pulpit was occupied by a stranger. The minister, in claiming to have acted within his right, mentioned that he had frequently refused baptism to the child of an unworthy father. There was, however, no moral charge against Mr. Bothwell; the only charge against him was that he was not regular in his attendance. The Kirk-session supported the minister, but the Presbytery has consented to receive a petition on the case from the excommunicated farmer, whose cause would have forcibly appealed to Robbie Burns.

There was a very distinguished party of visitors recently at the pretty golf course at Grantown-on-Spey. They drove over from Mr. Sassoon's place, Tulchan Lodge, where the Prince of Wales had some sport two years ago. Among the visitors were the Duchess of Devonshire, the Countess of Essex, and Mrs. Sassoon. "Imagine!" writes a correspondent, "I played off at one tee while Lady Essex and one of the Rothschilds were sitting on the sand-box waiting their turn. Of course, in such circumstances, I missed my drive. I should have asked them to go on, but was playing in a foursome competition." The same day there was another notable visitor in the person of Piper Findlater, V.C. The piper, however, did not golf. His limp was conspicuous when he walked in front of a crowd near the club-house. From here he could see the Haughs of Cromdale, which gave their name to the tune that he played at Dargai. Grantown seems to increase in popularity. Golfers play there *en famille*—fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters.

It seems that Sir John Tenniel owes his knighthood to the suggestion of Sir Frank Lockwood. So I learn from Mr. Birrell's biographical sketch. Writing to his daughter in April 1893, Lockwood said, "I am trying to get Mr. G. to make John Tenniel a knight." "Mr. G." was, of course, Mr. Gladstone. While the world in general knew him as the "G. O. M.," his friends and colleagues referred to him as "Mr. G." Lockwood's efforts proved successful. A few days after writing the letter just quoted, he was "very pleased to say that John Tenniel is to be knighted on the Queen's birthday." "He quite deserves it," added the kindly barrister.

In reference to my paragraph about a woman who was a great-grandmother at the age of sixty-eight, an Edinburgh correspondent points to the case of the late Mrs. Ewing, who lived in Campbeltown, Argyllshire, and was only sixty-two when she saw the first of the fourth generation and was in her sixtieth year when her granddaughter married. She lived to see the fifth generation, but she had to wait till she was eighty-nine years of age. This record will not be easily beaten, though I have little doubt there are many more remarkable. To be a grandmother at the age of thirty-seven is a fact within my own knowledge, but it was in the slums of a city, where one is sure to find the most remarkable instances of early marriages.

Apropos of the article in last week's issue on "Strange Uses for War Material," a correspondent reminds me that near Sebastopol, at the gateway of the Russian Cemetery, in which four hundred thousand men are said to be buried, are two English cannon. These cannon were captured

in No. 1 Redoubt at Balaclava, which was manned by Turkish troops, and it was this redoubt the Light Brigade were intended to recapture, instead of executing their historic charge.

You refer (writes the same correspondent) to the Russian passport system. There was a rather humorous story going the round when I was in the Caucasus some years ago. A German lady whom I knew slightly was dangerously ill, and report had it that the local police-master called at the house and asked for her passport. The husband, an easy-going man, said he had not got one, or rather, that it was twenty years old and therefore useless, and, as his wife was dangerously ill and the doctor doubted her living through the day, the demand was ill-timed. "What!" exclaimed the police-master; "dying without a passport! May the devil fly away with her; she *can't* die without a passport!" And she didn't!

A wonderful and extraordinary publication, entitled "Information Gazette: touching Divinity, Learning, and Physic, published by the Information Office, Oxford," has just bounced upon an expectant and eager world. Bounced is the only word to use, for the matter contained in that journal is couched in a style that can only be described as aerial. In the circular which accompanies the work occurs the following most pregnant passage—

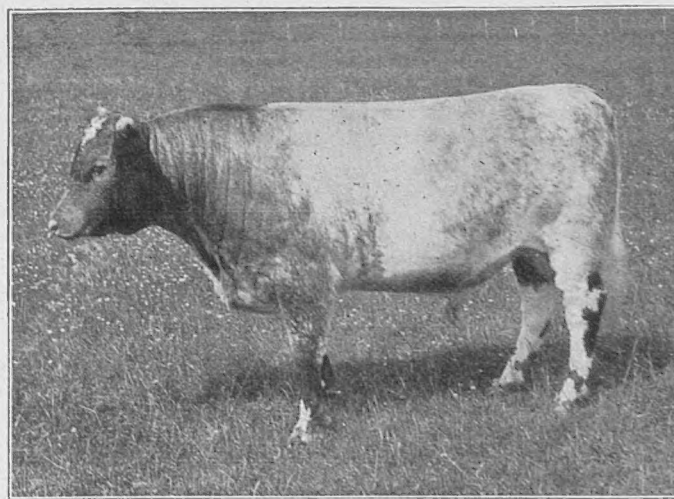
An Academic Workshop subserves, in an especial manner, by the comparative test, the separation of the integral factor from the recurring decimal, the discernment which marks a point in Thought from the disappearing fraction. It is thus sought to aid by fresh and concise presentation, all such as are concerned, each in his or her allotted calling, with the welfare of Mind, Body, and Estate.

The man in the street (from whom, of course, I dissociate myself) would exclaim, "Who are yer gettin' at, guv'nor?" It would, however, be more dignified to deliver an opinion upon this very novel publication in the style and manner of the "Gazette" itself. Writing in the manner of the "Gazette," then, I should describe its characteristics thus—

The unique character of this phenomenal Review is indicated by its literary style *passim*. When a homuncule finds in his breast a desideratum for so common a sentiment as is implied in the word "retreat," he speaks, *vice* that word, of "Nature falling back before a triumphant recession" (p. 12). The titular headings are distinguished by a Latinity that honours while it justifies the sombre atavism of the great University whose piles are gathered together near the stream known as Isis. "Ad clerum" (p. 2), "Academica" (p. 3), "Orbiliana" (p. 6), "Auspicia" (p. 7), "Arma Petenti" (p. 8), "Circenees" (p. 9)—these noble reminiscences of the Academic career indicate not uncertainly the tendency of those high-souled creatures to whom the common verbiage of our race is an Anathema. How sweet to peruse obituaries under the style and title of "Piam in Memoriam" (p. 12)! How jocund to find the expectancies of futurity amalgamated under that mystically brief expression, "Eventura" (p. 16)! But beyond these voices, to read a General Editor's views expressed "Ex Cathedra" (p. 1) is I know not how unencumberedly rapturous an experience! The thought, moreover, that far away in those verdant valleys a noble band of "homines"—for I dare not name them men!—are providing such literature periodically for the glory and the boast of mankind is to remember that the epocha of the Divine Prig, the Red Sandstone Period of the literary Puppy are still vigorous and expendant. 'Tis hey for the Prig and the Puppy! But I forget to include the stupendous news that, an he will, the Sirdar, apropos of the new College at Khartoum, "has at his disposal the resources of the Information Office for the due organisation and maintenance of the project" (p. 12). To me attach the laudation or the culpability of the addition of italics! *Finis*.

Is not this kind of thing a sorry sort of exhibition? If men are wise enough to have thoughts on any subject, why should so extraordinary a means be taken to promulgate them? The above parody, I assure my readers, is no cheaper a thing to write than the greater part of the pretentious stuff styled by its producers and begetters "The Information Gazette."

"Merry Hampton" has recently been purchased by Mr. Dustin, Illinois, U.S., for the handsome price of three hundred guineas.



"MERRY HAMPTON."

Photo by John Munro, Dingwall.

"Merry Hampton" is from the herd of Mr. Peterkin, of Dunglass, one of the group of Ross-shire breeders who are so well known at the great English shows.

Some people still find it worth while to telegraph wild and dishonest figments about Sir Henry Irving to certain American newspapers. Not content with asserting that Sir Henry and Miss Ellen Terry have parted (they are acting together this week at Edinburgh), the fabricators of these legends now accuse Sir Henry of circulating malicious statements about the distinguished actress who has been associated with him for twenty years. This is said of a man whose name is a household word for chivalrous courtesy, for personal dignity, for benefactions innumerable! No harm is done to Sir Henry Irving's reputation by such grotesque malignity. The American journalist of the baser sort we all know. He lives by lying about his betters. But that any man should be found in London to invent or to retail this garbage, and to sign his name to it in an American paper, is a most singular illustration not of malice only, but of sheer stupidity. A clever lie may have some artistic merit. To charge Irving with dastardly conduct to a woman is to lie like a gibbering idiot.

I have complained about the conduct of some critics at first nights are now. Let one of my correspondents now speak—

"The Liars" lied at the Criterion on Wednesday with all their accustomed veracity, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's clever play was marred only by one unpleasant feature. It was not contained in the play, nor present in the histrionic skill of the caste, but, alas! lurked in the audience. At a back row in the stalls, seated on either side of the central gangway, were two men whose air of leaden laziness at once established them as dramatic critics. These ill-mannered journalistic clerks arrived late, accompanied by dowdy effeminism. In the first *entr'acte* they stood in the gangway, talking loudly of *l'affaire Dreyfus* and the cost of cablegrams. They may have been inspired by a sense of public duty, had they not proclaimed their ignorance of social decency by standing talking in the passage-way long after the curtain had been raised in the second act. In the second and third act intervals, and throughout the fourth act, this carping couple spoke in telephonic whispers of "The Liars" and its author. "This ain't society," said the one who required a shave, "or I have never seen anything like it. They're a common lot. Jones is only able to describe the lower middle class." "Yes, they're a common lot," remarked the other. Gad! so were they a common lot, but Mr. Jones will know now where to go to gather a sense of the finer cults, and also, by the way, whom to refuse should he be "touched" again.



A PHILANTHROPIC PARSEE LADY.

Motlibai M. Wadia, who was born in 1811 and who died in May last year. Come of a notable family, the deceased lady was the wealthiest in that community in Bombay. Her public charities and private benefactions will keep her memory alive when it is forgotten that she was distinguished as a millionaire. She founded an important hospital in Bombay.

I imagine that there are but few of the present generation who know how it was that the name Victoria was given to the terminus of the London, Brighton, and South Coast and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railways. There has just died in London, at the age of seventy-six, a well-known railway engineer, Mr. William Wilson, M.I.C.E., who, standing one day looking up the Old Grosvenor Basin, thought what a splendid site it was for a railway-station, and it was his idea that first made practicable the bringing of the southern railway lines across the river, resulting in the construction of Victoria Station and the Victoria Railway-bridge across the Thames, which he built in conjunction with Mr. (now Sir) John Fowler. Mr. Wilson was father of the whole enterprise, and at a conference held at the house of the Marquis of Westminster to decide on a name for the station, Mr. Cubitt wanted it called "Pimlico," while the Marquis wished it called "Grosvenor"; but Mr. Wilson said, "Why not call it 'Victoria,' after the Queen?" And that name was adopted. Mr. Wilson also did the pioneer work and prepared the estimates for the first Metropolitan Railway, and originated the scheme for the Millwall Docks, although his original was not followed throughout. He was also responsible for many other important railway and engineering works in England and in various parts of the world.

According to all accounts, it does not appear that the German Emperor intends to make abstinence one of the conditions of his pilgrimage. Last week two hundred and forty-six cases of first-rate wines, not those which we generally associate with the name of Hamburg, were despatched from that port to Gaza for the Imperial party, and a heavy order has been given for preserved provisions to follow, so that nothing will be spared to mitigate the hardships of the illustrious palmer.

The *Morning Post* announced last Wednesday that German warships had sailed from Gibraltar for Vienna to convey the Emperor William to Jaffa. I understand that a squadron of the Swiss navy will also be in attendance.

Miss Coyne Fletcher, of Washington, D.C., is a clever novelist and playwright, as well as a handsome and attractive woman. She is tall and well-formed, with dark hair and grey eyes. She was born in Ireland, but brought up in America, near Baltimore. Her rather odd Christian cognomen is the family name of her maternal grandmother, an aunt of Joseph Sterling Coyne, the dramatist, and one of the founders of *Punch*. For several years Miss Fletcher has filled a very important position in the Sixth Auditor's office at Washington, and, between whiles, turned out three or four entertaining novels and several plays. One of the latter, "Yvolna," is to be produced, in the near future, by Miss Olga Nethersole. Miss Fletcher has a cosy apartment at the top of a quiet, old-fashioned house. Here, surrounded by precious heirlooms—old pictures, china, and quaint furniture—she is seen at her best, dispensing fragrant tea and witty talk.



MISS COYNE FLETCHER.

In the recent newspaper correspondence on "Mr. Gladstone's Grammar," reference was more than once made to Patrick Proctor Alexander—an unknown name, in all probability, to most readers, but an interesting personality in his day, as much by reason of his potentialities as for the work he actually achieved. A typical Bohemian, regardless of all the conventions of life as these affected himself, yet withal courteous, tender, and thoughtfully considerate of others, "P. P. A.," as he invariably signed his contributions to the Press, belonged to the inner circle of the friends who gathered around Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama." The sketch of Smith prefixed to "Last Leaves" is from the pen of Alexander, who was seldom absent from Smith's bedside and tended him like a brother during his last illness. He was some time Examiner of Philosophy to the University of St. Andrews, wrote the article on Golf for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and contributed a number of sonnets to *Fraser's Magazine*, when it was edited by his lifelong friend, Principal Tulloch. A fine sonnet of Alexander's on Sleep appeared in the *Spectator* a good number of years ago. Patrick Proctor Alexander died in 1886, and was for long missed at the Evening Club and on the links at St. Andrews, where he was well known and much loved. Here are a couple of stanzas of his written after the Battle of the Alma, singularly applicable to a scene which occurred in a town in the South of England the other day, when a mother received the tidings that her son was among the slain before Omdurman—



MISS SADIE CUSHING.

Oh, a' the toun's gan wud wi' joy!
But ilka step I gae,
I see my laddie lyin' deid,
Half up the bloody brae.

And oh! to hear the cruel folk
A-cheerin', cheerin' sae,
An' bonny Donald lyin' deid,
Half up the bloody brae.

Miss Sadie Cushing, only daughter of Commissary-General and Mrs. Samuel T. Cushing, of Washington, D.C., is proud to think that she is a relative of Mr. Gladstone, for her maternal grandfather, Dr. John Affleck, of Edinburgh, was a cousin of the great statesman. Mrs. Cushing was Miss Kate Dewey, of the same family as Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila. Miss Cushing is of average height, has a good figure, dark hair, and

expressive dark eyes. She is a brilliant conversationalist, sings sweetly, and is a graceful and expert wheelwoman. General Cushing is of distinguished ancestry, and won many laurels in the Civil War.

"The Skeleton's Secret" is the gruesome title of a new provincial melodrama. Another, almost as bad, is "The Human Spider." What ingenuity (sometimes perverse and misapplied, it is true) these hard-working journeyman playwrights show!

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This picture of a group of passengers on board the Natal liner steamship *Umzinto* on a voyage from Natal to India is interesting as representing fourteen different nations and races. It is a very fair sample of the passenger traffic between Natal and India. The most of



FOURTEEN RACES ARE REPRESENTED ON THE DECK OF THIS STEAMER.

these people have made a little money in Natal or Johannesburg, and are now on their way home to India or the Far East. The following races are represented: An American lady, a Liberian girl, several Chinamen, Madras natives, Bengalese, Arabs, Parsees, a Javanese, an Australian, a Eurasian, a Hollander, a Scot, and an Englishman.

The Austrian cavalry has always been famous throughout Europe, and though the manœuvres in the dual monarchy were shortened by the Empress's tragic death, the little time sufficed to prove that it retained its old dash and efficiency. In one instance the dash was a little too conspicuous, for during a charge the order to halt and retire came too late to prevent a collision, with the result that the opposing lines of horsemen met at full gallop, and, though no one was killed, many men were unhorsed and badly hurt, while riderless horses were galloping about in all directions.

That George Eliot's novels should be turned into tableaux in a little Indian Hill Station is, I take it, a sign that the great novelist is returning to something of her old popularity. The residents at Almora, which is a small hill-estate near Naini Tal in the North-West Provinces, recently staged a scene from "Adam Bede." The scene chosen is where Mrs. Poyser (Mrs. Spencer Warwick) gives Squire Donnithorne (Colonel Pulley, 3rd Gurkhas) a piece of her mind, whilst old Farmer Poyser (Mr. T. Edwardes, 3rd Gurkhas) looks stolidly on, evidently much amused at the lecture his landlord is receiving on the subject of repairs, &c., from



A SCENE FROM "ADAM BEDE," AS PLAYED AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION.

Photo by Mr. Gracey, Deputy Commissioner of the Almora District.

his virago of a wife. The little scene was capitally acted, and gave much amusement at an evening party, which formed one in a series of entertainments that took place recently at Almora.

In referring to the *Wide World Magazine* the other week, I stated that the circulation of this publication was nothing before M. de Rougemont's narrative commenced in it. The proprietors notify that this is a mistake. As a matter of fact, the circulation was very considerable before the M. de Rougemont story began.

The small body of Burns enthusiasts who objected to a railway which will go past the birthplace and monument of the bard, near Ayr, has agreed not to oppose the scheme, as the railway authorities have promised to respect the amenity of the Burns' shrine. The Council of Ayr, satisfied in this matter, are of opinion that besides materially favouring the trade of the district, the too frequent scenes of rowdyism in the "auld town," occasioned by the rival Jehus and their quarrelsome fares, will be effectively ended by the new means of transit. Admission to view Burns' Cottage, Alloway Kirk, and the Monument, close to the old Brig o' Doon, is free, a circumstance which accounts to a great extent for the very large number of visitors, especially during the Glasgow fair week in the middle of July.

As a place of attraction, Abbotsford compares favourably with Alloway, and far outdoes the native town of Carlyle in the number of its visitors. While only a fraction over a thousand persons signed their names during a recent twelve-month at Arch House, Ecclefechan, no fewer than 1265 adhibited their signatures, after payment of one shilling for admission, to the visitors' book at Abbotsford in less than three weeks of last August, and this in a season when, according to the custodian of Melrose Abbey, the number of visitors to the Scott country was something like five hundred below the average of recent years.



MRS. SNAPE.

Photo by Alfred Freke, Cardiff.

Mrs. Snape is a wonderful old lady. She was born in 1822 at Fort St. George, Madras, her father being a sergeant in the 41st Regiment, which had just arrived in the East from England. In 1824 the 41st embarked for Burma and took a conspicuous part in the first Burmese War. At the age of five the future Mrs. Snape was left an orphan, but was befriended by the married people of the regiment until she was a few years older, when she married a sergeant. To make a long story short, she served for sixty-five years with the 41st, from 1822 to 1887. The following is a précis of her services—

From 1822 to 1843—	East Indies.
" 1843 "	1865—At home.
" 1865 "	1875—East Indies.
" 1875 "	1880—At home.
" 1880 "	1887—Gibraltar, Cape, Egypt.

She has seen the 41st return from three victorious campaigns—namely, the first Burmese War, the first Afghan War, and the Crimea. Naturally enough, she doesn't remember the first, but it is a matter of regret that she did not receive permission to take part in the other two. She now lives at Cardiff, near the regimental headquarters, and enjoys an annuity which the officers of the 41st purchased for her. She is believed to be the "oldest soldier" in the British Army. She married twice, both her husbands being sergeants in the 41st, and had two sons, both of whom served twenty-one years in the same regiment.

A Bath correspondent, who writes apropos of the Roman villa at Handborough, which was described in a recent *Sketch*, suggests that my readers will be interested to learn that the locality is famous for the large snails which abound there, which snails he describes as a Roman importation. The belief that *Helix pomatia*, as naturalists call it, was a table-delicacy brought over by the Romans is widely held, but, I am informed, has no foundation in fact. For one thing, this big snail is not found in Central Italy, an allied species, called *Helix lucorum*, taking its place there. Further, it is found in many parts of England so remote from the site of Roman remains that we must endow the snail with much higher locomotive powers and a far more wandering spirit than it actually possesses to account for its presence there if we accept the story of its Roman origin. My correspondent also calls attention to the interesting discoveries recently made at Box, three miles from Bath, where numerous remains of Roman buildings have been uncovered. As he is interested in these matters, he will, no doubt, like to hear, if he does not already know of it, that what is described as the most perfect remains ever uncovered have only this summer been laid bare and covered in again near Shap, in the North Country.

One of the quaintest costume-shows ever seen is now on view at the Stedelijk, or Municipal Museum, at Amsterdam. The Exhibition was opened by Queen Wilhelmina during the inauguration festivities, and will not close before November. The collection consists of two hundred and forty "poppen," or models, dressed in the various Frisian, Frankish,



WHAT AN OLD DUTCH REALLY LOOKED LIKE.

Photo by A. A. Sykes.

and Saxon costumes. Many hail from the well-known island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee. In the two examples given, the gentleman in the top-hat and baggy knickerbockers is a "Jong Gehuwde man," or young bridegroom, on a ceremonial visit, the Sunday after the marriage, to his friends and relations, whose sense of the ridiculous one hopes is not too keen. The girl with the white cap and curls is similarly a Marken bride in her Sunday best. Some of the other cases contain fine specimens of Frisian costumes with the well-known gilt casques and other head-adornments. In an annexe there are some two hundred examples from Java and the other Dutch colonial possessions. Altogether, with the magnificent Rembrandt Exhibition under the same roof, this building, a few steps from the Rijksmuseum, is well worth a visit, or several visits.

In his new novel, "Wild Eelin," Mr. William Black, it has been pointed out, has only slightly disguised, in the names he gives them, some of the localities which play a part in his story. Whether or not Mr. Black presents in his works characters of whom the living counterparts in men and women of the day can be recognised by his readers, in some of his romances he deals, at any rate, with districts the local colour of which is unmistakable, and sometimes not even concealed by a fictitious nomenclature. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. Black, whose health has been very indifferent of late, resided in Airlic House, Camberwell Grove, and the novelist's familiarity with the sylvan



A DUTCH BELLE.

Photo by A. A. Sykes.

avenue and its precincts he utilises to the fullest extent in "Madeap Violet." The thatched cottage—unique now as being probably the only straw-roofed house within the Metropolitan area—described therein as a long, low, rambling place, with a verandah all round, ivy trained up the pillars, French windows, small, peaked gables, some few trees and bushes in front, and a good garden behind, is unaltered in any way from its old-world type, and the stately elm and chestnut trees remain the distinguishing feature of the Grove. Miss North, the heroine of "Madeap Violet," asks one question that could not, at the present time, be answered, as it was a score of years since, in the negative. Upon her return to London, after an absence of considerable length, she puts the question to her maid, with some misgiving as to the reply, "Is Grove Park built over yet?" and meets with the prompt response, "Certainly not."

The building-over process began some dozen years ago, and now the entire park, in the centre of which, up to within a comparatively recent period, there was an enclosed shrubbery and the famous old Well of Camber, which some authorities consider gave its name to the great South London parish, is completely covered with typical suburban villas, the householder whose back-garden occupies the site of the ancient well being, in all likelihood, oblivious of the circumstance. Grove Hill House, built on the highest ground in the park for John Coakley Lettson over a century ago, enjoyed for nearly fifty years a magnificent outlook in all directions. Lettson was a well-known character in his day, generous to a fault, though not over-wise in his benefactions; his house was a rendezvous for men of letters and artists of his time, and James Boswell, a close friend of the Doctor's, frequently found his way thither. In a rhyming epistle, Johnson's biographer addresses Lettson



THATCHED COTTAGE AT CAMBERWELL, DESCRIBED BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Photo by Brown, Camberwell Road, S.E.

as "My cordial friend, still prompt to lend your cash when I have need on't." Lettson is best remembered as the subject of the following doggerel lines—

When patients comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Then if they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I lets 'em (I. Lettson).

Camberwell Grove was familiar to Mr. Ruskin in his boyhood; Browning, too, mused beneath its overshadowing trees in early youth, and Grove Park was the scene of the boyish gambols of the Colonial Secretary, who was born in the Grove of Camberwell.

Lovers of old-time dancing were well pleased with the exhibition of fancy dances given at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday evening last week by the pupils of Mr. Theodore Gilmer. The dancing was preceded by Miss Elsie Fogerty's dramatic recital, which included "Cupid's Ally," by Austin Dobson, and two poems by Henry Newbolt, and was very well received. I have much to say in praise of Mr. Theodore Gilmer's teaching and of the aptitude of his pupils, who, by the way, are all amateurs (I give portraits of some of them on the opposite page). A minuet, a toccata, and a *danse des fleurs* were the chief items; and if I single out any pupil for special praise, let it be Miss Duckworth, who was seen to great advantage in a *pas de fascination*. Mr. Gilmer is a teacher of the old school, an exponent of the style that charmed all Europe before the serpentine dancers and other novelty seekers degraded dancing from its high estate. His father was a distinguished dancer, associated with Taglioni in some of her greatest triumphs. Mr. Theodore Gilmer believes in the principles of the Milanese Schools, and his methods of teaching compare favourably with those of masters who practise novelties and invent them as they go along. Mr. Gilmer is holding classes at the Hans Crescent Hotel on Mondays, and at the Crystal Palace on Tuesdays, and I venture to think that he will command in London a large measure of the success that has attended his efforts further afield. Playgoers will be interested to learn that he is a brother of Albert Gilmer, the popular lessee of the Princess's Theatre.

SOME CLEVER AMATEUR DANCERS.



MISS COLE.
Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.



MISS VIVIAN VOWLES.
Photo by Pendry, Nottingham.



MISS OLIVE BARLOW.
Photo by Pendry, Nottingham.



MISS MAGGIE FORD.
Photo by Pendry, Nottingham.

The Royal Marine goes everywhere, as his motto, *Per mare, per terram*, denotes—to Khartoum with Kitchener, to the North Pole with Nares and Markham, from Benin in the West to Wei-hai-Wei in the Far East. And when he has completed his short though frequently-recurring period of foreign service he returns for a spell to his comfortable home in barracks at one of the four headquarters, where he finds all the familiar surroundings much as he left them, three years or three months before, as may be. A fresh trophy perhaps in the Recreation-Room, speaking of the prowess of his division at one or other of the military gatherings, a new picture or so in his barrack-room, or another hand on the beer-taps in the wet canteen; but otherwise no great change. And it is to these causes that the corps owes its steady success in recruiting, and the little difficulty it experiences in raising the additional thousand men which recurring Naval Estimates have made almost an annual institution, without deterioration in physique, and with actual improvement in the stamp of man recruited.

Are you fond of sardines? If so, you have every reason to be thankful, for the little silvery fish are being captured at present in such shoals on the shores of Brittany that the worthy people who pack them into tin boxes are at their wits' end to know what to do with the surplus. They foresee a crisis in sardines and a disastrous fall in prices—disastrous, that is to say, from the packers' point of



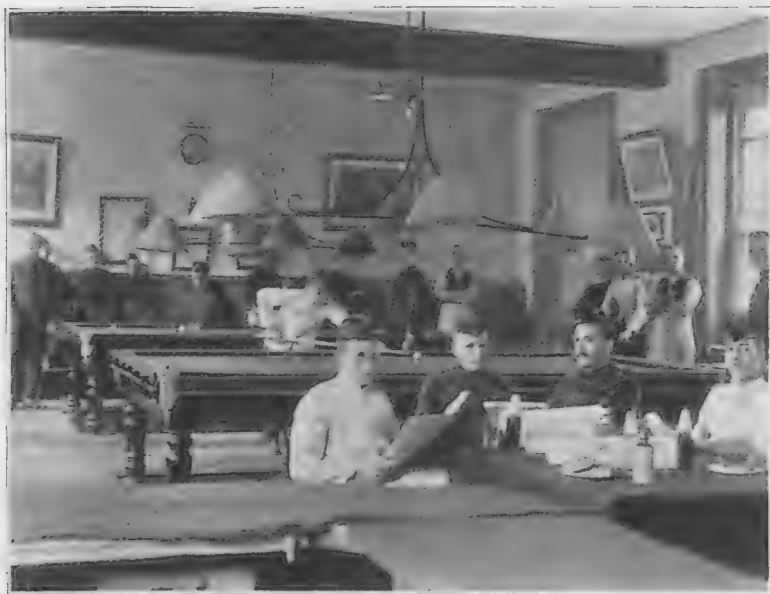
DRUMMERS' BARRACK-ROOM.



PRIVATES' BARRACK-ROOM.

view. To remedy this state of matters, they have put their heads together, and, as a result of their deliberations, have laid down the dictum that sardines are much more nourishing than meat. Having settled this first point, the next step was to find someone in authority who would adopt their views. They selected the Minister for War. He has four hundred thousand soldiers always under his orders. Why not make soldiers eat sardines? If one soldier ate five sardines every other day for dinner, four hundred thousand soldiers would consume two million sardines, and in a year—sufficient, at all events, to stave off the threatened crisis. In their petition to the War Minister, the packers went the length of telling how to prepare a succulent dish: pepper, salt, melted butter, a little bouillon, and a dash of vinegar—all the soldiers sitting round a vast soup-tureen, licking their fingers, smacking their lips, and blessing the Minister for War. M. Cavaignac would not see things in the same light, and since then the sardine-packers are bitterly asking what is the good of keeping nearly half-a-million soldiers with the colours if they cannot even help to keep up the price of sardines!

The latest thing in stationery is an envelope that is its own letter-book. Each envelope is attached by perforations to a top part, on which you write the name and address duplicated on the envelope below. By this means you know to whom you have written.



MEN'S BILLIARD-ROOM.



WET CANTEEN.

THE ROYAL MARINES AT HOME.

From Photographs by Sergeant Charlesworth, late of the Royal Marines.

THE POET AS DRAMATIC CRITIC.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE HIGH OPINION ENTERTAINED BY MR. BROWNING THE POET
OF MISS ALMA MURRAY THE ACTRESS.

Of the value set upon Browning's opinion and approval by those most eminent in their crafts, we may judge from an entry in Macready's Diary, where he speaks of a note from Browning as "a tribute which remunerated me for the annoyances and cares of years; it was one of the very highest, may I not say the highest honour I have through life received?"—and more emphatically still perhaps from the fact that Lord Tennyson, in advanced age and at a time when it seemed that nothing could add to his reputation, let no more than a few days elapse from the date of Browning's death before making public in the *Times* an admiring letter he had recently received from him. That this action on Lord Tennyson's part was not (as at the time was hinted in some ungenerous quarters) dictated by vanity or a desire to make material use of a notable event, but was the outcome of a noble pride in the praise of a man whom Mr. Swinburne has called "the most subtle and sincere, the most profound and piercing intelligence of our time," may be easily substantiated from passages in the Laureate's Life referring to Browning's admiration and regard. On one occasion he is recorded to have said, "Violets fade, but he [Browning] has given me a crown of gold," while his reply to the above-mentioned letter runs thus: "I thank you with my whole heart and being for your noble and affectionate letter, and with my whole heart and being I return your friendship. To be loved and appreciated by so great and powerful a nature as yours will be a solace to me, and lighten my dark hours during the short time of life that is left to me."

But now for the subject with which we are here more immediately concerned—namely, the ten of Browning's letters which are in Miss Alma Murray's possession, and of which seven are addressed to the actress herself, two to Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and one to Mr. Sydney E. Preston, a former hon. secretary of the Shelley Society. High as Miss Murray stands in the estimation of the playgoing public, and generous and unreserved as has been, from the commencement of her career, the commendation bestowed upon her by the Press, we can well imagine that Browning's praise, as embodied in these letters, and more especially as looked at in the light of the utterances here quoted of such men as Tennyson and Macready, will remain to her through life no less a solace and a treasure than it was to them. In one letter, referring to her Beatrice Cenci, he calls her "The Poetic Actress without a rival"; in another on the same subject he designates her "a woman of genius"; and how scrupulous he would be in his application of that phrase we may judge from Mrs. Sutherland Orr's statement ("Life and Letters of Robert Browning," page 376) that, "His love of genius was a worship: and in this we must include his whole life." At another time he speaks of her as his "Own especial Heroine," having doubtless in mind at the moment her Constance in "In a Balcony," her Colombe of Ravestein, her Mildred Tresham, and, if last certainly not least, her Pippa as to all intents and purposes "created" by her in her dramatic recital, in his presence, of the Prologue to "Pippa Passes." His letter to her upon her Mildred Tresham seems so penetratingly illustrative of the actress's individual art, so eminently characteristic of the man himself, and so indicative of the underlying "tenderness which glorifies the poet of Pompilia" (to quote once more from Mr. Swinburne) that we here let it follow in its entirety—

What am I to say of your performance yesterday? How thoroughly you understood, how perfectly you looked; how beautifully and how powerfully you acted the part of Mildred I hardly can acknowledge in the quiet way which gives criticism its importance. But, criticism put aside for the moment, need I attempt to express the gratitude I must feel at your giving my work the generous help of your admirable histrionic genius?—no less than the poetic sympathy with which you have so long and so signally made me your debtor? Such treatment as yours to a play, much maltreated so many years ago, goes near to reviving in its author something of the old impulse once strong in him to try afresh in that direction. Whether or no that is to be, one obstacle is completely removed, and, could he but create the right character, it would be easy to find the adequate representative—capable besides of heightening his attempts by many graces all her own.

This was written in March 1888, and although the poet was almost in his seventy-seventh year, Miss Murray could not forbid herself to hope that he would yet be spared to "create the right character" and write the new play for her. But such was not to be, and in a letter to her, dated Aug. 11 of the same year, indications of failing physical strength could not but be recognised, for he speaks of being "much indisposed—indeed in great want of a change of air," adding that he is "obliged to leave in a hurry for the North of Italy." "I hope and believe," he continues, "that my stay abroad will be short—a few weeks at Primiero, a mountain place near Feltro, and afterward a short visit to Venice; and there seems nothing to hinder my early return." Mrs. Orr ("Life and Letters," page 406) says, "He did start for Italy on the following day [Aug. 13], but had become so ill that he was on the point of postponing his departure." In connection with this last-mentioned letter, it is interesting and significant to note that, on the next day, Aug. 12, he wrote to Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) with a similar announcement of his departure for Italy (Mrs. Orr, page 405), showing how closely at the moment must have been associated in his mind the actress of the opening and the actress of the close of his career.

The last letter which Miss Murray received from him is dated May 8, 1889, the day after the latest birthday he lived to see. It is a short and warm-hearted expression of regard and thanks for the "birthday" letter from her, which had reached him on the previous day.

In one of the above-named letters to Dr. Furnivall, Browning occupies himself with stage-matters, apart from any direct reference to Miss Murray, though in the main business of the communication she was closely concerned. During the rehearsals for the Browning Society's performance of "Colombe's Birthday," a friendly discussion had arisen between Miss Murray and Dr. Furnivall upon a couple of weighty "psychological moments" (as the Germans would say) in the character of the high-hearted and captivating Duchess of Juliers and Cleves. Browning being in Venice at the time, Dr. Furnivall resolved to write to him on the subject. The poet promptly replied, deciding both points in favour of Miss Murray.

She is right in each instance [he says]. Colombe, in the third act at the close, does not mean that she loves Valence—is not even aware that the seeds of what may grow to love are already implanted in her by the devotion of Valence—and only expresses no more vainly than the occasion requires her appreciation of his conduct and thorough trust in what he shall advise. She is equally right in her reading of what is meant in the fifth act, when the Duchess is made to listen to and definitely pronounce upon that conduct, forced upon her as the task is by the officiousness and malice of the courtiers: they desire to show that she has put herself in a necessity of returning his love with her own, though she will be mad to do so, and her answer is that she sees the cogency of their argument, accepts the situation, and does so really return it. I am very glad that I can justly have confidence in her sympathy with and understanding of the character of Colombe, as evidenced by her judgment in both cases. I much fear I shall not be able to enjoy her performance in London, however. I am anxious to return thither on many accounts, but I think it will be later in the month by many days than the 16th. I am also very grateful to the other ladies and gentlemen for their interest in the play; may they but succeed in bringing over the audience to their way of thinking and feeling!

He then proceeds, showing up to the last how vital was his interest in and how keen his observation of dramatic and histrionic phenomena—

Talking of theatricals: there is a capital Venetian company playing the Manager's clever comedies, and Goldoni's every now and then, to perfection. Zago, the *primo caratteristico*, is superlatively good: about the most versatile actor I ever saw; a Gondolier, a Canonico, a *ci-devant jeune homme*—all are rendered to perfection. I supposed so excellent an artist must be of prodigious experience, and found his age to be of about thirty-five years. All the others are good in their degree.

This letter Dr. Furnivall, with his customary free-heartedness and open-handedness, forwarded at once to Miss Murray, to whom he considered it, as he said, rightly to belong.



MISS ALMA MURRAY AS BEATRICE CENCI.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS AILEEN D'ORME IN "THE ROYAL STAR," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

FRESH LIGHT ON OMAR KHAYYĀM.

Professor Schukovski, of the University of St. Petersburg, has lately published, under the title of "Omar Khayyām and the 'Wandering' Quatrains," a very important contribution to our knowledge of the life and works of the Persian Poet-philosopher. The professor appears to have ransacked all the old Persian authors for references to Omar, and the result is a large amount of new information; he has also investigated to a certain extent the authenticity of many of the quatrains. In the lately issued part of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, E. D. Ross, Ph.D., gives a lengthened notice of the work, with numerous extracts. Dr. Ross explains his reasons for translating and publishing these extracts by saying: "Considering the popularity of its subject in this country, and also the important and quite new light it throws on the author of the now famous 'Rubā'iyāt,' it seems a pity this paper should remain for ever hidden from the eyes of those admirers of 'Omar who know no Russian."

According to Professor Schukovski the earliest reference to Omar is found in a work by Mohammad Shahrāzūrī, who dates about the middle of the seventh century of the Hijra. This author gives some details of Omar's death, which will be new to most readers. He writes: "It is related that [Omar] was [one day] picking his teeth with a toothpick of gold, and was studying the chapter on Metaphysics from [Avicenna's] Book of Healing. When he reached the section on 'The One and the Many,' he placed the toothpick between the two leaves, arose, performed his prayers, and made his last injunctions. He neither ate nor drank anything [that day]; and when he performed the last evening prayer, he bowed himself to the ground, and said as he bowed: 'Oh God! verily I have known Thee to the extent of my power: forgive me therefore. Verily my knowledge of Thee is my recommendation to Thee.' And [so saying] he died: may God have pity on him!"

The Imām Mohammad of Baghdad repeats the above account of the death, and adds that the last words he repeated in verse were the following—

Oh God, I am weary of my own baseness!
Of my anguish and empty-handedness!
Even as Thou bringest existence out of non-existence, so take
Me from my own non-existence for the honour of Thy existence.

There seems to be some doubt as to the birthplace of Omar; Professor Schukovski quotes from a "Universal History," which says: "'Omar Khayyām, the Wise, belongs to the most learned men of Khorāsān. In philosophy he is considered to rank close to Avicenna. From the history of Fāsil Mohammad Shahrāzūrī we learn that ['Omar] was born in Nishāpūr, and that his ancestors were also Nishāpūris. Some maintain that he came from the village of Shamsād, a dependency of Balkh, and that he was born in the village of Basank, a dependency of Astarābād. However this may be, during the greater part of his life Nishāpūr was his home."

The quatrain in the following, which is from a historical work, composed in 803 A.H., does not occur, Dr. Ross states, in any of the known editions of Omar; but in the "Haft Iklim" it is attributed to another author, known as Hakim Sanai, who lived about 525 or 535 A.H.

"*Khayyām*.—Omar, the son of Ibrāhīm Khayyām. He surpassed his contemporaries in most sciences, and especially in astronomy. He is the author of world-renowned and incomparable treatises. Among his poems [is the following quatrain]:—

"Every atom which has been on the face of the earth
Was once a sun-faced, Venus-browed [beauty];
Blow away the dust from a beauty's cheek with delicacy,
For that too was once the cheek and ringlet of a beauty."

It is to be hoped that Professor Schukovski's work will be translated into English, and published in its complete form for the benefit of the admirers of "Al-Khayyāmī," in this country as well as in America.

If the publication of books is an evidence of popularity, then we may assume that the admiration for the writings of Omar Khayyām is steadily increasing. In the same number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* there is a review of a work by Edward Heron-Allen, which is a facsimile of the Rubā'iyāt from a Persian manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with an English translation, Introduction, and Notes. The review is written by Mr. Edward G. Browne, "Lecturer on Persian at the University, Cambridge," who is a very competent Persian scholar. The interest that may be attached to this notice is from its giving to us another account of Omar's death, and one quite different from that of Mohammad Shahrāzūrī.

It is to illustrate a point in his criticism that Mr. Browne quotes the following from the Tihirān edition of A.H. 1297—

"They say that one night he [that is, 'Omar-i-Khayyām] had prepared an entertainment and invited a number of friends and moon-like beauties, and had set out many candles and lamps, and was engaged in drinking wine in perfect unrestraint and freedom from care. In the midst of the merry-making [for Heaven avenges itself of all], a blast of wind came, and the candles were extinguished, and a jar of wine which he had set [beside him] was broken. 'Omar-i-Khayyām was much annoyed, and exclaimed in drunken fashion—

"O God, Thou hast broken my jar of wine,
O God, Thou hast closed against me the door of pleasure,
Thou hast spilt in the dust my pure wine;
Dust in my mouth! Thou must be drunk, O God!"

They said that when he had concluded this speech and utterance his face turned black. His disciples and boon companions at the banquet at once

fled. 'Omar, remarking this, demanded a mirror, and, seeing the colour of his face thus changed, smiled and said—

"Who is there in the world who hath never sinned? Tell me!
When did he live who never committed sin? Tell me!
[If] I do wrong and Thou returnest evil,
Then what is the difference between me and Thee? Tell me!"

Forthwith his face became resplendent as the full moon of the fourteenth [day of the month]. Thereupon he laid down his head in adoration to God, and surrendered up his soul to the Creator of the World. His death took place at Nishāpūr in the year A.H. 517 [= A.D. 1123]."

These two accounts here given of Omar's death cannot both be true; perhaps neither of them ought to be accepted as correct. Still, even as mere legends, they are interesting from the light they throw on the Poet's reputation among his own countrymen. Great latitude is allowed among Persian Muhammadans to a Sufi; but Omar had very "broad" views, so much so that he incurred the enmity of the "unco guid" among the followers of the Prophet, and the efforts they have made to blacken his face, which is a common figure of speech in Persia, need not be credited. Let anyone recall the luxuriant crop of legends that have gathered in the East round such great names as those of Solomon and Alexander, and they will understand that if legends, good or bad, have grown up round Omar's name, they are, at least, evidence of the reputation he had attained, a reputation which the West is now beginning to realise.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

KOREA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.*

A book that would be interesting at any time, "Korea and Her Neighbours," bears a special value at a time when the destinies of the Far East are trembling in the balance. The name of Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird) is in itself a recommendation to a book of travel, and that indefatigable lady traveller's latest work in its two goodly volumes does not in any way betray the hope of the title-page. During the last three years the author has made four visits to Korea, in pursuance of a plan of study of the leading characteristics of the Mongolian races. The period of her wanderings was remarkable in the history of the peninsula, and, from initial apathy towards Korea and the Koreans, Mrs. Bishop confesses herself roused to an intense interest in the nation. It is by no means idle fancy to say that this growth of interest reflects itself in the book. The first volume is concerned chiefly with geographical and anthropological notes, with incidents of travel and with observation of places, manners, and customs. Most of the latter make good reading. Here and there occurs an undeniable curiosity. One especially may be mentioned, were it only as a further proof of the obvious fact, so industriously hammered at, yet without dulness, by Montaigne, that there is no custom which is not lauded in one place and condemned in another. Mrs. Bishop's instance would seem to controvert what we had almost held incontrovertible—the ancient saw relative to the meal-taking of small children, that a "standing sack fills best." The Korean mother, it appears, "feeds her young child with rice, and, when it can eat no more, lays it on its back on her lap and feeds it again, tapping its stomach from time to time with a flat spoon to ascertain if further cramming is possible." Stuffing to repletion, begun thus early, is carried up into adult life. This entertaining note by the way.

The pages begin to assume a "world-interest" (if the phrase be admissible) with the first mutterings of war. We get a graphic picture of the landing of the Japanese troops at Chemulpo. Their smart, soldierly turn-out and their effective discipline left no doubt as to their intentions. "The mannikins, well armed and serviceably dressed," says Mrs. Bishop, "were evidently in Korea for a purpose which they meant to accomplish." The "dwarf battalions" and their movements indirectly brought Mrs. Bishop into an amusing scrape, which readers should be left to cull for themselves from her lively narrative.

The first volume closes with an account of Wladivostok, the aspiring "Odessa and Gibraltar of the Far East." We are accustomed to think the mushroom city the exclusive creation of the Far West. The site of Wladivostok was forest-land in 1860. In 1863 some clearing was effected, and a few shanties built. Last year the population numbered 25,000. Thirty-five years may not be mushroom growth exactly, but for the Far East that is not bad. Volume II. treats more expressly of the political condition of Korea. The assassination of the Queen and the subsequent events are handled with skill and insight. The murder is shown in its proper aspect as a terrible blow to Japanese prestige and position.

Newspaper readers (and dare we say writers?) touched to the fine issues of the personal paragraph, will not readily pass over Mrs. Bishop's references to Mr. McLeavy Brown, to whose administrative abilities she pays a high tribute. Until that gentleman took office in 1896 as Chief Commissioner of Customs, Korean finance spelt chaos. Last year there was a surplus; a million dollars of the Japanese loan of three million was paid off, and the country may soon have no national debt. Mr. McLeavy Brown's work is manifest, too, in the outward aspect of Seoul, which Mrs. Bishop scarcely recognised on her second visit. For this municipal "betterment," credit is also due to the Governor, Ye-Cha-Yun. Altogether, the book is one of the most educative of recent "traveller's tales," if the old nickname may be applied to a narrative combining wonder with truth, truth generally reached with great difficulty, for in Korea there are no materials for history and small means of correcting observation. But the work has been well and thoroughly done. To this Sir Walter Hillier, late H.B.M.'s Consul-General for Korea, testifies in a preface.

* "Korea and Her Neighbours." By Mrs. Bishop. London: John Murray.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

When "The Reds of the Midi" was translated for us from the Provençal we felt a new thrill; a strong wind blew on us from the South, and it was certainly not enervating. There is just as much of the South in the sequel, the English version of which has been published by Mr. Heinemann. But I do not think the thrill is repeated. Sequels do not very often bring thrills. Of the two things that contributed to the success of "The Reds," neither is present in "The Terror." One was the charming introduction to each portion of old Pascal's tale, introductions which brought the evening leisure hours of the Provençal villagers before us with extraordinary vividness. The other was the power by which the fervour of the Southern revolutionists was made real. It was not merely a brilliant description of the march of the Marseillais; it was rather the flame of their hearts made visible. I do not think that the actual story counted for very much. It was often grotesque, and never first-rate. But the book had, nevertheless, a rare and unmistakable lyric force.

The story in "The Terror" is quite as good. It relates the fortunes of Pascalet's friends, the Vaulairs and the Planchots, after he had joined the Army of the Republic, and of his high-born lady-love Adeline; their dangers in Paris; their escape back to Avignon; and their final safety. It is exciting enough, but loses something as a picture of the time from the fact that their perils come more from private enemies than from public opponents. The same exaggeration in the painting of the characters, the same want of shading, appear as in "The Reds." Félix Gras is not an analytical writer; his portraits fall a good deal below even those of an Erekmann-Chatrian novel. Where "The Terror" can compare with its predecessor is in its descriptions of Provençal customs, habits of thought, temper, details of *ménage*, and in its warmth of local patriotism. The goodness of Southern hearts, the general and particular superiority of Southern manners, demeanour, and attitude to life, are the real subjects of the book. The historical framework is only a pretext for demonstrating these. When the fugitives got away from Paris, where Marat was grimly lording it, they found laughter again in Provence—though the hand of the Terror was long enough to set its mark there too. But, if we are to believe a child of that cheerful country, "Even the guillotine was shorn of some of its horrors in that bright land, where the sunshine set the knife to gleaming and glittering, and made it seem almost a toy. And while there were plenty of drums clattering in the streets, they had not the sinister sound and meaning of the Paris drums. They were tapping out gay farandoles, not alarms."

History will have it that the South had its time of revolutionary horrors as well as the North; but Félix Gras, through the mouth of his

favourite Planchot, tells us that there was really a vast difference, and that political controversy in Avignon was merely a merry game. "We all know where we are, and we all have a good time. . . . When the Reds are on top and are running things, we dance rounds and farandoles in all the streets, and we light bonfires, and we're as jolly as we can be. We have our rows, of course. . . . That's human nature. But it's all in broad daylight, and everybody knows what's going on. Now suppose the Whites get on top. Do things change? Not a bit of it. The farandoles keep on, and we keep on dancing rounds. There are illuminations, and the bells ring out *Te Deums*—and the Reds and the Whites have their fights in broad daylight just the same. But we don't have secret murders, and we don't have fires."

It is, first of all, a paean to the South, the home of the Latin breed, free from the German taint of the North. Perhaps it is a little too rhapsodical, a little too complacent in temper, a trifle sugary even in parts; but *naïf*, fresh, inspiring, and packed full of picturesque detail. In every way it is quite unmodern. Its revolutionary sentiments are not in the least modified by philosophy or disappointment. They are exactly those that filled the Marseillais on their march to Paris. Marat was a wretch, it is agreed. But "if King Capet had not been made a prisoner in the tower of the Temple, then would that other tyrant, King Capet himself, have been in the monster Marat's place. . . . His vulture pen would have been signing orders of arrest and death-warrants." There is the good old revolutionary belief in the virtue of poverty. The young aristocrat Adeline is made a charming heroine; but, then, she adopts the peasant customs and sentiments of her peasant benefactors. All the opinions are clear-cut, certain, and simple.

Mary Wollstonecraft has been made the subject of another monograph. Miss Rauschenbusch-Clough found her work of such interest that she devoted the thesis she presented for her Doctor's degree at Bern to elucidating it. The thesis, with amplifications, she now publishes

under the name of "A Study of Mary Wollstonecraft and the Rights of Woman" (Longmans). It strikes me as being rather belated. There is no new biographical matter. Godwin, Mr. Kegan Paul, Mrs. Pennell, have already collected all the facts about her career. It is absurd at this time of day to attempt a defence of her. There are no accusations standing. Her work on the Rights of Woman and her own conduct were notable landmarks. Such they remain, but her position has been long ago accepted; it is useless to argue the matter out now. Then a complete study such as this means an attention to her minor literary works and to her opinions on things in general, which these do not merit. She did one thing; she represented one principle; she was, moreover, a large-hearted, generous, affectionate woman. As a summary, however, of what other biographers have done for Mary Wollstonecraft, Miss Clough's book can be recommended.

O. O.



MISS SAQUI IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

To Mr. Arthur Collins and his co-directors at Drury Lane belong the credit of being the pioneers in the application of electric power for moving scenery, inasmuch as the Theatre Royal will be the first to adopt some of the methods advocated by Mr. Edwin O. Sachs in his work on "Stage - Construction." Mr. Sachs has been commissioned to design some elaborate appliances for moving the stage-floor, and these will be ready for the coming pantomime. As a matter of fact, the lower regions of the stage were already in his hands throughout "The Great Ruby" rehearsals, and several ingenious engineering feats had to be accomplished to prevent his operations clashing with the business of the house. There has been no going abroad for appliances, for the great Thames Ironworks have been the contractors, and when the installation is completed it will be a step in advance of Continental methods.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company have made a most successful opening of their tour, Mr. Charles Manners and Madame Fanny Moody having the assistance of a large number of excellent artists, vocal and instrumental. In their first week they produced an English version made by Mr. Mowbray Murray, of Adolph Adam's little comic opera, "La Poupée de Nuremberg," Miss Agnes Molteno appearing as Bertha, who, just like Alesia in "La Poupée," masquerades as a doll.

Mounet-Sully has been relating recently how he first discovered his vocation for the theatre. When he was about fifteen, he was the possessor of a baritone voice that was the delight of several drawing-rooms in the little Perigordian town of Bergerac. On one occasion, the accompanist having fallen ill at the last moment, young Mounet-Sully resolved to replace the song he had promised by a recitation. He flattered himself he had acquitted himself to perfection until another performer, an actor, a certain Hilarion Ballande, came forward. (It

was at a charity concert.) Ballande, in his dress-coat, rolling out thunderous verses, raised the enthusiasm of the future Hamlet to fever heat, and the actor had no sooner left the stage than he felt his hands being wrung by his youthful admirer. The end of it was that he consented to give young Mounet-Sully lessons in the dramatic art. Subsequently Mounet-Sully became a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire under Bressant, and later entered the Comédie Française, of which he was destined to become such an ornament. "It is a curious thing," said Davenne, the old stage-manager, to the newcomer, "but you remind me in an extraordinary manner of poor old Ballande." "Really," was the reply; "do you think I have some of his good qualities?" "No, rather some of his defects." The first master had left an indelible mark on his pupil.

Miss Maie Saqui, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, and who is playing in "A Greek Slave" at Daly's, is an Australian by birth. She made her first appearance in "La Cigale" in Melbourne when she was eleven years of age. She remained with Williamson and Musgrove until last year, when she came to England and was engaged by Mr. Edwardes for three years.

Admirers of "The Belle of New York" will be interested in the pictures of its successor by the same authors at the Casino, New York. "Yankee Doodle Dandy" seems to be as lively as "The Belle." The great scene in the burlesque is a reproduction of Printing House Square (not E.C., of course).

The London County Council authorities have at last sanctioned the plans of the projected new theatre in Camden Town, to be built close to the Cobden statue. The old Park Theatre in Camden Town, nearer to Regent's Park, degenerated in its latest stages into the Park Hall. Looking at the matter carefully, I am doubtful whether the present "boom" in erecting fresh outlying theatres is not being overdone, and several of the minor houses have lately been feeling the stress of competition severely.



"YANKER DOODLE DANDY," AT THE CASINO THEATRE, NEW YORK.



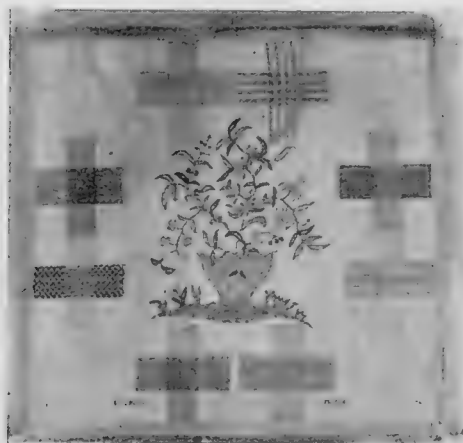
"YANKER DOODLE DANDY," AT THE CASINO THEATRE, NEW YORK.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEWEY, NEW YORK.

THE VANISHED ART OF THE SAMPLER.

WHICH CHILDISH FINGERS WORKED LONG YEARS AGO.

Behold these "broideries. Finer you never saw.

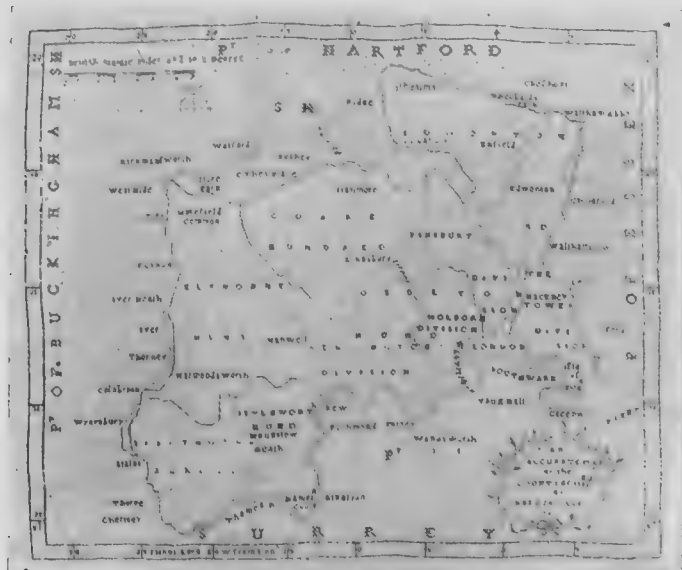
To the majority of people the word sampler merely conveys a vague idea of a square of more or less coarse canvas exhibiting a cross-stitch alphabet, a row of numerals, perhaps a house, or some weird, heraldic



DARNED SAMPLERS OF 1796 AND 1797.

beasts below, and a moral aphorism as a tag. But as a matter of fact the sampler is a thing of infinite variety, as the collector who studies his hobby with the proper amount of enthusiasm speedily learns. Starting some time back in the sixteenth century—there is an Elizabethan example extant somewhere—as a scroll of patterns for lace, "Most curious purles and rare Italian cut-work," it gradually departed from its primitive type as time went on, until it developed, or retrograded, into the amazing pictorial affairs of which the best and least commonplace were worked between 1730 and 1810. From both an artistic and an antiquarian point of view, the earlier samplers, with their beautiful borders, "fillings," and fancy stitchings, are, of course, more valuable, but it is open to doubt whether for the average collector, who is neither an artist nor an antiquary, but only a little of both, the later specimens, with their more marked individuality, have not a greater fascination!

From the middle of the last century to early Victorian days, when the sampler was far advanced on its downward progress, many variations on the accepted type were fashionable (there were fashions in samplers as in everything else, and, more than that, certain styles were peculiar to particular parts of England), such as the well-known maps, the so-called "epistles" or addresses to parents or "departed friends," and the beautiful darned samplers, which have much in common with the very early ones. Maps came into vogue towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it was probably considered that the working of them taught the pupil something of geography as well as of the art of the needle; but as the majority of the maps were supplied to the embroidress ready traced and lettered, reducing her part of the task to a mere mechanical covering of the lines with cross, outline, or chain-stitching, or with couched-down lines of fine chenille, their instructive value may be doubted. Maps of England and Europe are those most



A MAP OF MIDDLESEX, 1781.

generally met with; a map of Africa is rare but not unknown, while one of a single county similar to that illustrated on this page is sufficiently uncommon to be a delightful "find" for a collector. This "Accurate Map of Mid^{ex} by B. Beuzeville, 1781," is worked in very fine cross-stitch, over a single thread only, in black, and colours once bright, but now dimmed with age.

The sampler—it should perhaps be classified among "epistles" rather than samplers proper—of Martha Barker shows how schoolgirls were taught the art of stitchery in the year of the Queen's Coronation. It is very small, measuring some 7½ inches by 5½ inches, and the lettering is worked with red and black sewing-silk in the finest of cross-stitches on white linen of a texture as fine as a cambric handkerchief. Another sampler, or epistle, in the collection to which the specimens shown here belong, resembles it to some extent, although its date is considerably earlier—1788—but this example is embroidered with a verse of a Lenten hymn, headed "On Good Friday," in place of the Lord's Prayer.

Two other samplers illustrated form a pair worked by Elizabeth Salmon—industrious soul!—in the years 1796 and 1797. One is floral in design, and has little of the orthodox sampler about it; but it is beautifully worked in harmonious colours, which have retained their brilliance wonderfully. Much more noteworthy, however, is its companion, an excellent specimen of

the comparatively scarce darning-sampler. This is worked on a foundation of fine muslin, and its border design is made up of a series of crosses, the centres of which are formed by cutting out little squares of stuff and filling up the holes with fancy darning. Eight out of the dozen darns reproduce damask patterns, but the four corner ones—almost imperceptible—exactly imitate the muslin foundation. The quaintly formal basket and bouquet in the centre are executed almost entirely in different darning stitches, and the outer edge of the square is finished with a fine line of hem-stitching. These darned samplers certainly prove with what skill our grandmothers wielded their "needles small and slender."

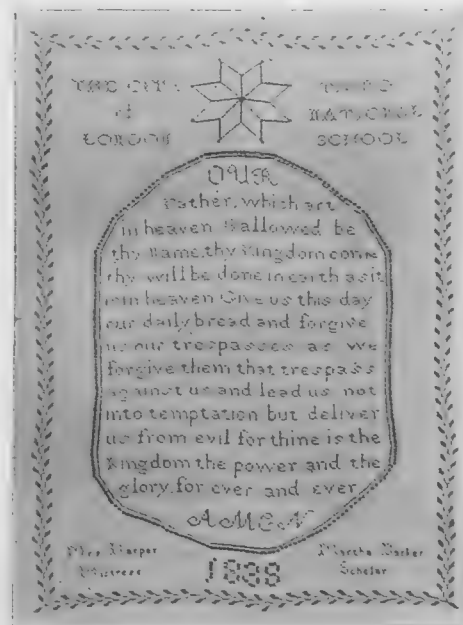
Among the most popular motifs of the pictorial class of sampler are Adam and Eve and the Tree of Knowledge, and what is sometimes described as "An Accurate Representation of Solomon's Temple." This last is generally portrayed with thirty-six sash-windows, and is oftenest seen on samplers dated 1825 and 1840. Houses of all kinds, from lop-sided cottages to huge mansions with imposing rows of chimney-pots, are frequently depicted, and in the design of a few of the later examples a classic temple is conspicuous.

Sampler poetry is apt to be unintentionally humorous. One or two sets of verses seem to have been universal favourites, as they appear on many specimens obtained from different parts of the country. Here is one of them—

Next unto God, dear Parents, I address
Myself to you in humble Thankfulness,
For all your Care and Charge on me bestow'd,
The means of Learning unto me allow'd.
Go on, I pray, and let me still pursue
Those Golden Arts the Vulgar never knew.

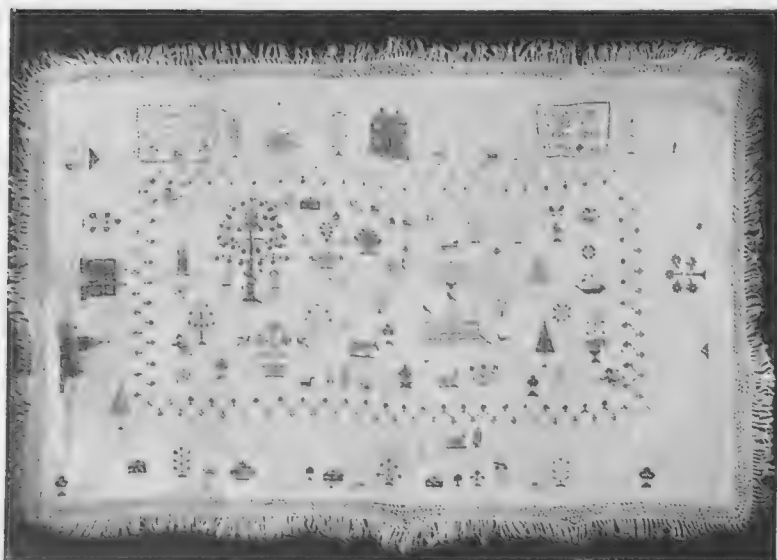
This, although it has a distinct flavour of Mr. Barlow about it, lacks the admonitory tone of the following, which adorns a sampler worked in 1812—

Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember thy Creator God;
Behold the months come hastening on
When you shall say my joys are gone.

SAMPLER MADE IN THE YEAR OF THE
QUEEN'S CORONATION.

For sheer ineptitude, however, it would be hard to beat the verses on a sampler dated 1780—

All you, my friends, who now expect to see
A piece of work performed by me,
Cast but a smile on this my poor endeavour,
I will strive to mend and be obedient ever.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.



A SAMPLER THAT HAS BEEN USED AS A TOILET-COVER.

How pleasant and how sweet it is to see
Riches and grandeur mix't with decency;
But much more sweet the labouring steps to guide
To Virtue's heights with Wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of Learning fortify'd.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

A serious quarrel has been brewing for some time past between the dramatic authors in Paris and the sociétaires of the Comédie Française, the model theatre of the world. The authors, not without good reason, apparently are indignant that a play, after it has been definitely accepted even, has to languish for years in a dusty pigeon-hole before it sees the glare of the footlights, and this principally owing to the reluctance of the comedians of the House of Molière to do more for the comfortable regular incomes they receive than they can possibly avoid.

The trouble does not date from yesterday. Almost ever since the day when Bonaparte, in view of the blazing walls of the Kremlin, signed the famous decree that was to regulate once and for all the French National Theatre, the principal actors have snapped their fingers at its provisions. The great Talma was one of the first to break away, being continually engaged in disputes with his fellow-actors. Sarah the divine almost drove M. Perrin, M. Claretie's predecessor, out of his wits. "I would not mind having a tragédienne who made statues," he said, "but it annoys me to have a sculptress playing tragedy."



SAMPLER DESCRIBED AS "AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE."

"TRILBY" IN COPENHAGEN.

The successes of the English music-hall stage, like English goods in general, travel to all countries, and the foreigner, be he French, Dutch, German, or Scandinavian, seems to forget his national music for the time being, and to revel in the latest vagaries of Lottie Collins or Marie Lloyd. The quiet-loving Englishman who tries to escape to the Continent from the turmoil of London, will probably find himself rudely awakened by some deep-lunged barrel-organ breathing out "Tara-ra-boom" or "The Man that Broke the Bank," the very songs he thought he had left behind him when he crossed the Channel. In the variety halls of Holland, Germany, and Denmark, one finds no variety, only the threadbare ditties of the Oxford or the Pavilion, the only freshness being the foreign language. Only a few weeks ago, during a long drive in a pony-chaise in Southern Norway, our little driver-boy treated us, during the greater part of a Sunday, to a programme consisting of "Daisy" and "Marguerite" in Norwegian. Copenhagen at the present time rings of "Trilby," and from the harbour to Tivoli, in street and in omnibus, the youthful Dane treats himself and the public to the whistling version of "Ben Bolt." Denmark has discovered Du Maurier, and



ANNA LARSEN AS TRILBY AT THE FOLKS THEATER.

Photo by Jansen, Copenhagen.

the success of "Trilby" at the Folks Theater has been immense. Although it has been running off and on for many months, the house is sold out a few hours after the announcement is put up in the bills.

Thinking it would be amusing and interesting to see "Trilby" in Danish, I took a ticket, and was agreeably surprised, although, after the Haymarket, I was prepared for a grotesque performance. The company, as a whole, was excellent, and thoroughly appreciated and entered into the subtle humour and pathos of Du Maurier's story. Sandy had little of the Scotchman about him, but rather represented a combination of a modern Dane and an art student from the Latin Quarter. The Svengali was throughout an admirable study, and at no point was it exaggerated. The part of Little Billee, which at times is tiresome and inclined to sentimentality, was played by a young actor with great ability, and from the rise of the curtain to its fall he never wearied one for a moment. The Danish conception of Billee's uncle, the English parson, was greeted with tremendous applause. The centre of the performance, however, was the Trilby of Fru Anna Larsen. This young actress, the greatest *ingénue* of the Danish stage, combines a beautiful face and figure with a fine voice and unusual powers of acting. With a thorough conception of her part, she played off all its delicate turns with a skill which made one feel that she had raised Trilby to the rank of a great part. Her success throughout has been so great that she is now frequently spoken of as "Trilby" Larsen, and the Copenhagen stage must be congratulated on having such a clever actress.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Herewith I give samples of Irish and Scottish sculpture. The bust of General Humbert has been sculptured in marble by Messrs. P. J. O'Neill and Co., of Dublin, and has just been erected at Castlebar, Co. Mayo.



GENERAL HUMBERT.
A Bust by Neill, of Dublin.

Jean Joseph Amable Humbert, a French General, was born at Rouvray, Lorraine, Nov. 25, 1755. In 1798 he was appointed to command an expedition for the invasion of Ireland. In alliance with the Irish insurgents, he gained a signal victory over General Lake's forces at Castlebar (Aug. 27, 1798), and over Colonel Vouke's forces on Sept. 5, 1798. He took part subsequently in the Mexican War of Independence, and died at Orleans in February 1823, aged sixty-seven.

The other statue illustrated on this page arouses the question—Is granite a suitable material for statuary? That is a question which has recently been agitating sculptors. It is denied by one school that any delicate effect can be got out of granite, by another that the stone lends dignity to the subject. Certain it is that the Granite

City itself, the home of this industry, has not experimented much with granite. The town possesses an excellent white granite statue of the Duke who raised the Gordon Highlanders, and it has stood forty years of sun and shade in a wonderful way. Another granite statue has now been raised by the Corporation to the memory of the late Miss Elizabeth Crombie Duthie, who gave the town a park valued at £50,000.

The monument is believed to be unique in the United Kingdom. It is not only composed of granite, but the figure of Hygeia which crowns the monument is a highly successful attempt to demonstrate what can be done in allegorical or symbolical statuary in that material. The monument is nearly thirty feet high. The base is cruciform in plan, and at the four angles have been cut lions couchant in salmon-coloured Aberdeenshire granite of peculiarly hard texture. The rest of the monument is of finely dressed or "chased" white granite from the great quarry at Kemnay, Aberdeenshire, the largest of the kind in the kingdom. The inscription-block is panelled. The fluted column above, with carved Corinthian capital, is taken from some Grecian model, and is a piece of fine work. The statue of Hygeia is of heroic proportions, and the figure was modelled by Mr. John Cassidy, the Manchester sculptor. The work was carried out by Mr. Arthur Taylor, monumental sculptor, Aberdeen, largely by means of the pneumatic tool. The railing shown in the illustration is only a temporary one.

It is but a short journey from London to Holland, and the little country always holds out attractions to lovers of art, as well as to the student of history. Lately, in consequence of the coronation of the young Queen, Holland has been much in the public eye, and in connection with this event, notable in the history of Holland, there has been formed a special collection of the works of her greatest painter, Rembrandt, gathered from the palaces and private collections of most of the countries of Europe. England has contributed a large share, the Queen leading the way with two works from Buckingham Palace, and the Emperor of Germany is also a contributor. An opportunity is thus afforded to all lovers of the art of Rembrandt of seeing works which otherwise they would have no chance of getting access to. The collection has been formed under the advice of the best judges in Holland, and may truly be said to be representative of the best art of Rembrandt from his earliest years, 1627 down to 1668, the year before he died. The catalogue has been arranged in chronological order, but the pictures are distributed in different rooms, in accordance with the necessities of suitable hanging.

The hundred and twenty pictures which are here gathered together may truly be said to represent the artistic life of Rembrandt in all its variety of treatment and of subject, from his earliest manner, with grey-black shadows, onwards through his growth of light and shade and glowing colours to his last period of masterly knowledge and more rapid workmanship. His father, his mother, his sister, and, most of all, his fair young wife, Saskia, whose face is also to be found in nearly all his historical and Biblical compositions, are the subjects of his early years. Unfortunately for Rembrandt, the fair Saskia died in 1642, and this sad event darkened his whole life. That year, however, gave to the world the so-called "Night Watch" and "The Sortie of the Company of Captain Banning-Cock," which marks a distinct milestone in the career

of the artist. It was the time also of some of his finest female portraits, of which brilliant examples are to be found in the Queen's "Lady of the Fan" and Lord Iveagh's superb "Portrait of a Lady." Nothing can surpass these in gracious beauty and in perception of female character.

In Biblical subjects we have the Emperor of Germany's wonderful example of one of his earliest-known works, "The Binding of Samson" (1628), Samson's golden locks having just been shorn by Delilah. Madame André exhibits a remarkable example of a subject frequently treated by Rembrandt, "Christ at Emmaus," a small picture of notable power. Another picture of his early days, "Judas Bringing Back the Money," is almost terrible in its dramatic treatment; and his favourite subject, "The Good Samaritan," is represented in a marvellous grisaille. Incidents in the life of Christ are constantly occurring, ending in one of his latest and most remarkable works (1668), "The Flagellation of Christ at the Pillar," lent from the Ducal Palace at Darmstadt. Classical subjects did not lie so much in Rembrandt's way, but there is a remarkable picture of "Diana, Acteon, and Callisto," full of animation and Homeric spirit. And speaking of Homer, we may mention that the old bard was evidently much loved by the Dutchman, for one of the last pictures of his life is his "Homer," clearly a labour of love and sympathy. Another picture, which may almost be called classical, is the well-known "Man in Armour," lent by the Glasgow Corporation, brilliant in its flash of light on the helmet of the warrior. In the hands of Rembrandt the meanest subject acquired a sense of beauty, for in two small examples of a "Slaughtered Ox" he seems to revel in the harmony of blood-red and rich yellow fat.

Portraits of all periods are scattered through the rooms, each full of interest and personal attraction, culminating in the noted "Syndics," in which five Governors of the Guild live for all time by the great power of the painting and the intense mastery of character and expression. The Dutch painters have always been strong in treating such guild groups, but in the "Night Watch" and in the "Syndics" Rembrandt strikes out in a new and higher vein.

Through the whole exhibition portraits of the master himself in all ages dominate and arrest the spectator at every turn. Fortunate, indeed, is Lord Iveagh in possessing the noble picture of the old man with his palette and brushes in his hand, still in possession of his manly power, and unbroken as yet by the disasters that clouded his later days.

The journalism of the arts is rapidly improving, led by our own *Studio*. Nothing could be better than the *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration* which Herr Alexander Koch, of Darmstadt, is issuing. It has begun its second year well. The journal is interesting as showing us, who have had the full-face German influence in our early Victorian art and furniture, how the Fatherland has abandoned its earlier atrocities. Excellent, too, is the *Architectural Review*, which is the monthly published by the *Builders' Review*. The September number contained a charming picture of Holywell Street and an interesting article on Mr. Edgar Wilson's dainty art.

Pictorial post-cards are the rage. Beechings have issued a series illustrated with photographic views of London, taken by Mr. Alfred Ellis and printed in several colours. They are pretty, and superior in every respect to the familiar lithographed post-cards which you can purchase in every German town.

A company of peasants in the Valley of Vodena have discovered some marbles with inscriptions upon them pointing to the probability that they formed part of Philip of Macedon's tomb, for which antiquarians have long been on the look-out.



A SPECIMEN OF GRANITE STATUARY.



THE 6th DRAGOON GUARDS (1898).

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE,



THE 6th DRAGOON GUARDS (1798).

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Dreyfus complication, lamentable as it has been, has called out a certain amount of courage in the politicians of France. It requires some bravery of the better sort for M. Brisson to stand out against a big popular clamour and the supposed feeling of the whole Army, as well as



"PICK-ME-UP" IN THE "PRESS BALLET" AT THE EMPIRE.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the undoubted opposition of some high officers of considerable power and no scruples. The French Ministry, as a whole, has tried to shirk responsibility in a way more natural than creditable; but M. Brisson has had to decide, and he has decided the right way. Whatever comes of his action, it must be counted to him for righteousness.

In the quiet chamber of the Cour de Cassation the Dreyfus dossier can be scrutinised for almost the first time by judges who are really competent to pronounce an opinion on it. Hitherto it has been given up almost exclusively to soldiers and politicians, two classes obviously without any qualifications for gauging the truth of evidence, or drawing just inferences from it. Noisy patriots who have never seen the documents are, of course, sure that they conclusively prove the unhappy Captain's guilt, which makes it imperative for them to invent cock-and-bull stories to account for the late Henry having to forge a proof to bolster the others up. The worthy Zurlinden, too, who seems to have stopped Picquart's mouth by a pettifogging trick worthy of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, declared himself convinced in a day of the guilt of the suppose traitor. But then one does not know what basis of fact, if any, lies at the bottom of the (presumably) gallant General's assertions.

Now that the French Premier has taken his courage in both hands and made the plunge, it is quite possible that the affair will not prove so dreadful after all. Hardly anyone impugns the honesty of the officers who sentenced Dreyfus; if they were deceived by forgeries or pretended revelations, they were no worse than the incorruptible Cavaignac himself; in fact, they stand better than he, for they, at least, were not taken in by the extremely clumsy and obvious forgery that imposed on the entire Chamber, but (as seems probable) by a genuine document that mentions a certain D— who might or might not be Dreyfus. The conscious conspiracy against Dreyfus—which must have existed for evidence to be forged—may very well have been the work of a few persons. Of these, two—Sandherr and Henry—are dead; Du Paty de Clam and Esterhazy are disgraced; General Mercier may be almost the only other original culprit. But the *esprit de corps* that makes schoolboys shield a blackguard and trades unions strike to reinstate an incapable workman has drawn the Staff into the intrigue—some, doubtless, in the honest belief that screening illegality was defending the honour of the Army.

It is doubtless well to defend the honour of the Army, or any other body of men one belongs to, but one thing is very necessary as a preliminary. There must be some honour to defend. Now, an Army whose Staff is rotten with jealousy, intrigue, and *espionage*, whose chiefs copy the methods of their countryman Fouché and our countryman Jeffreys, seems in a fair way of finding some day that its honour is missing—sent to prison perhaps, or suicided "by order." An army is like an individual; its honour can be really lost only by its own act.

One cannot be sure whether the French Ministry will be courageous enough to have Fashoda evacuated; but it should not be difficult to settle that question. Apparently his Lordship the Sirdar has taken the one infallible way with Frenchmen—he has made M. Marchand's expedition look foolish. With Anglo-Egyptian garrisons posted close round the petty French force and on its line of supplies, the claim of "rights" advanced by French journals can be laughed out of court. They claim that the country was derelict, and therefore could be seized by Marchand; similarly, all except the area of his camp is still derelict, not having been "effectively occupied," and can be taken by Kitchener. If the Sirdar must not trespass on the quarters of Marchand's gallant hundred, no more may Marchand or any reinforcements of his trespass on the quarters of the Sirdar's equally gallant fifteen hundred or so. Major Marchand dying under the tricolour, surrounded by tenfold odds, is a heroic figure—a martyr for whose sake it is well to make war. But he and his handful camping in a corner of an out-of-the-way town, ignored by the natives—who can count enough to know the difference between a hundred and twenty and fifteen hundred—and treated with condescending civility by a force that can bolt them at a mouthful, are merely ridiculous.

Should the French Government tell Marchand to stay, his position will be still more painful. Occupying the country round Fashoda and barring all possible repetition of the "unfriendly act," the Anglo-Egyptians can perfectly well leave the gallant Major absolute master of his acre of Soudan until he is tired of staying there. If he wants to extend his ground, he commits an act of war. If supporters try to get through to him, they commit an act of war. If he tries to stop the traffic on the Nile, he is again the aggressor. What is he to do?

You cannot annex a province with a hundred soldiers. Let Marchand and his merry men keep their acre of ground till they die of old age, but not an inch more. Then the acre in question will again be derelict, and perhaps the heir to the Kitchener peerage will walk over some day and haul down the gallant tricolour. All we have to do is to sit tight, and, like Mr. Bernard Shaw's Napoleon, "spoil the attitude" of the manly but melodramatic Marchand.

MARMITON.



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN THE "PRESS BALLET."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





EILEEN.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

PROLOGUE.

"At eventide there shall be light—there shall be light." Mary Trevere chanted the words monotonously, as though she were singing a lullaby. Low as her voice was, it reached the ears of her companion, a boy of possibly twenty summers, sub-lieutenant in a singularly characterless Line regiment, who had fallen sick in one of the outlying stations of a malarial Indian district. Turning quickly, the woman left her occupation of mixing some cooling drink, and, pausing only to pull a slack rope taut, hurried across to the bedside to help its occupant in his fruitless effort to turn towards her.

"What do you want, dear?" The unmistakable accent which marked her as "one of the people" neither marred nor diminished the tenderness of her tone.

Over the distant line of mountains the scarlet sun shone, a ball of liquid fire. Its vivid light lit up the boy's sharp features, and by force of contrast served to show the grey-white pallor which was stealing over them.

"There's a reparation—I can make—you," he said. His breath came haltingly. "Now—I'm dying, I see—clear. Can't someone marry us? I want it. . . . The 'home people,'" echoing her interruption impatiently, "how can they affect me—now? They never cared—they never knew whether I lived or died. . . ."

For a moment the woman's face was transfigured. He caught the reflection of its glory as she bent closer over him.

"Dear! I'm not fit. Don't tempt me."

A flash of humour woke up his tired eyes. "What does the poem say—of some fair lady who—was 'not good enough for man, and so was given to God'? Ah! you don't read poetry, of course. Never mind." But her tender kisses shut out the words, and her tears fell on his hand warmly, passionately. He heard her broken murmur dimly, as in a dream; the world was slipping very fast from him to-night.

"Don't stay away too long," he said. His voice seemed to come from through a long tunnel. Wondering, he realised he was fighting for his breath.

Mary Trevere, hearing the new danger-signal, held him closer, as though prepared to do battle for his soul. To her his slightest wish was a command. Presently she rose in silence, and left him alone in the bungalow, a wonderful exaltation on her face. Death, the Robber, which she feared to be even then approaching, seemed triumphant in the flame-light of the setting sun.

I.

"You can't expect a really first-class epigram for thirty-one and sixpence the thousand words," said Miss Allardyce, defending her contribution. "That's all *Lexeter's Review* pays its contributors."

"One doesn't expect anything from an heiress," said Dolly Stanfield crossly. "That's where you're so upsetting. You aren't content with merely being able to do everything—you invariably *do* it. If one could call you idle! But you're painstaking to a fault, and admirably conscientious; you're too pretty to have a large fortune, and you have too large a fortune to be pretty; and, to crown all, you're so charming that one can't help loving you in spite of your virtues."

Beatrice Allardyce flushed a little.

"You're too rich to earn money, B.," Dolly objected, pouting.

"But, dear," said Miss Allardyce very gravely, laying down an important-looking pamphlet on the grass beside her, "if I didn't take money for my writings, I should only be lowering the rate of women's wages. Do you see? I never use it for myself. It goes to—"

"Oh yes, I know. Some society for the suppression of curates or the culture of cats, or some such necessary association. It's because you're always working for the good of your kind that I complain. It's so wearing to watch you. Do, for a change, encourage just *one* healthful vice. Even the Church discountenances excesses, and you carry goodness to excess! Don't you think you could flirt a little, if I helped you?"

"It takes two to play the game, I know. But I thought the other needed to be a man?"

"Not necessarily," retorted Dolly. "A flirt is born, not made. He's a common species—defined by the rare girl. He has a grade of humanity all to himself—a low grade. If Captain Hunt weren't just such another angel as yourself, I'd make him undertake your education."

"Captain Hunt—is that the B— River man? He's not in Parliament, surely?"

"Study the naval and military papers, dear, instead of the Salvation Army's statistics," suggested Dolly patiently. "Dick is the M.P., and Hal is the soldier. Hal comes down to-day to stay for a fortnight. Haven't you heard? You're always so busy looking out for ideal heroes that I suppose you have no time left to see real ones. Captain Hunt has done marvellous things—taken cities single-handed, and stormed blockades, or something, like Ouida's heroes."

"Army men always disappoint me. They're like Butterick's paper patterns—the same machine turns them all out. I suppose Mrs. Granger's story has prejudiced me unconsciously."

Dolly slid across the grass, too lazy to get up, and propped herself up against Miss Allardyce's knees. "By-the-bye, I never heard the truth of that story. Tell me now. Did you *really* fish Mrs. Granger off the Embankment on Christmas night? And was your cousin really involved?"

"Not Christmas—June. The new Speaker had just given his reception on the Terrace—yes, Edward was bringing me home." Beatrice hesitated for a moment.

"The river looked glorious that night. You know how Westminster grips one's heart-strings—it's the world's pulse. The contrast of it all! It had been so bright and glowing—half London passing in and out, flinging its bright banalities. It was all strong upon me as we came out—the soft textures, the subtle luxury, the very discord of the clinking champagne-glasses mixed with the stirring of the water below. Under the bridge a crowd was gathering. Do you know the hush that comes when somebody says a woman is drowned? Edward got out of the carriage then and there. The policeman knew him, of course—he had been 'C.O.' Secretary in the district. The woman had thrown herself over a few minutes before. A man who was standing by rescued her. She was nearly dead, but at last they saved her."

"You took her in—or did she take you in? Has she stolen the salt-spoons yet?" asked Dolly lightly. "So that's why the world calls you mad and her bad! By-the-bye, I suppose she *was* bad, wasn't she?"

Miss Allardyce drew away. Her work, her intimacy with suffering people, meant so much to her. One expected the world to be flippant; flippancy is the point of view which commonly obtains where other people's tragedies are concerned. But Dolly was her friend. . . . A curious dread, a sense of present and future loneliness which seemed to shut her inner life away from the rest of the world, and made the people who did not understand her cavi at her reserve, momentarily chilled the warm emotion of her face.

She stood silent.

"We aren't all followers of Herbert Burrows," said Dolly dryly. "Nor do we necessarily hanker after letting light in on dark places. As for your Mrs. Granger, I believe she's got the evil eye. She gives me shivers. I should expect to hear scythes cutting or unexplained spirit-rappings if she lived with me."

"Do you feel that too? She feels it herself," said Beatrice. "She says that she has never brought anything but unhappiness on the people she loved. One night she tried to leave me, simply because she was getting fond of me, and she was afraid. It was then she told me her story."

"What was it? Fit for publication?"

"Would you understand more if I told you?" Beatrice laid her hand upon the girl's curved mouth. "It was pathetic. There was a man, of course. There always is in a woman's story. He was a soldier."

"His people never took much notice of him. He was different to the rest. She was the daughter of the keeper on their Scotch estate. You can guess the story. Against his family's wishes he joined some Line regiment—she would never tell me which—and was ordered out to India unexpectedly. A week later she followed him, as nursemaid to one of the married officer's wives."

"I see," said Dolly, drawing a deep breath of inspiration. "And then—?"

"He got ill. They thought him dying. She nursed him. When the case was pronounced hopeless, he married her. He called it reparation."

"Infatuation, rather," said Dolly dryly. "That's the one motive-power a man is always ready to follow. She was beautiful, I suppose? Well?"

"He recovered!" Miss Allardyce broke in passionately. "That was the tragedy. The question of the other officers' wives came in—the one she had been nursemaid to among them. She loved him, remember. When he was out of danger, she took some money which belonged to her and slipped away."

"How?"

"She got shipped somehow from the nearest port; she was taken on as stewardess on one of the small sailing-vessels. Her father had died meantime. She wanted neither to find old friends nor make new ones. All she asked was to be forgotten—to be wiped out as a sum is wiped out when it has been added wrongly. On reaching London, she tried to get work, but it was more difficult than she fancied. Finally shirtmaking in the East End was offered her. Her eyesight gave out over it; her health failed. Then came starvation and attempted suicide—"

"And he?"

"Was advertising and searching her out as hard as he could. Oh! he was honourable enough, I suppose. But if he had been content to let her alone in the beginning!—She had practically destroyed all trace, though now and again he seemed to find a clue. Once a detective nearly found her out. Just at the time her fellow-lodger, a nameless girl, was dying. She was buried in Mrs. Granger's maiden name. After that she felt safer. But she knew that her husband was home on leave, and would come to the place to try to prove the story, so she slipped away again."

"But why, for goodness sake?"

Miss Allardyce turned the pretty face up to her own. Dolly blinked crossly.

"Horrid, the glare is. The inevitable sacrifice?"

Beatrice stretched out her hand.

"Dear, do you see? She wanted him to be free. She loves him. She thinks she has wrecked his life. She can't do enough. If there were ever any sin, on her side, I think she must have worked her expiation out by now. She was happy for a week once, she said—she has starved for that happiness ever since. Do you see? It must be cruel enough to love a man anyway, I have never done so yet—but to love him, and let him go—"

"Cruel, cruel! It's the greatest fun in the world! I don't know what I should do without Dick. I should have to make love to Hal instead. It wouldn't be half so nice, because his nose isn't Grecian! As it is, I must leave him to you. He'd do you more good with an hour's genuine love-making than a whole series of Charity Commissions and Socialistic reports."

Miss Allardyce sprang to her feet too, laughing.

"Silly child! One can't fall in love to order. I shall probably detest Captain Hunt just because you've made up your mind that I shall—"

"Love him," said Dolly composedly. "Well, you'll soon have an opportunity of judging. Here he is. B., here's my future brother-in-law. Hal, here's a saint—a person as impossible as yourself, who ought to belong to another age."

"To a golden age, perhaps?" suggested Captain Hunt. The sun lit up the petals of the spring daffodils and warmed the yellow of the girl's hair. She flushed as she smiled back frankly enough. Dolly always said that the frankness of Beatrice's smile was men's undoing—it implied so much, and meant so little.

Captain Hunt's eyes were fixed on the rather obtrusive-looking pamphlet in the girl's outstretched hand.

"Edward Dyer's last? Is it yours? Do you know him? He's the best fellow in the world."

"Edward Dyer is my cousin," Beatrice said brightly. "He made me take up Political Economy. He lent me Mrs. Fawcett's book when I was about fifteen. I have worked with him at Westminster. I owe him more than any man I know."

"I wonder—" Captain Hunt stopped suddenly. "I'm interested in these questions, chiefly from the woman's point of view. Years ago, circumstances made me take rather an active part in tracing certain women's careers—some of their lives are ghastly. There is no compensation."

"Often there seems none," Beatrice corrected. They strolled on to the house. "But if one waits—one has to wait—somehow, somewhere, even in the hardest lives, there works out eventually what you perhaps would call the law of compensation, what I know of by another name."

He smiled a little.

"You talk with conviction because you are still so young," he said. "Once I too thought with you. Now from the woman's point of view, I have begun to doubt. A woman goes under and gives way; sometimes from a sense of mistaken sacrifice, sometimes from other causes. But, as you say, one waits and learns."

Dolly, forgotten, watching them from her comfortable seat on the grass, laughed aloud, clapping her hands in triumph like a child. "It won't be a *human* love affair," she said. "They'll take themselves so dreadfully seriously all through. But it will be amusing from a spectator's point of view!"

II.

Spring has surprising moments. This season rivalled summer. A certain May night was heavy with July's pulsing heat; the air was pregnant with the hint of storm. A woman came slowly up the Bitterne Road, past the little station, up the hill. The signal dropped jerkily as she passed; she stood on the railway bridge and watched two red lights flashing, in the darkness, heralds of an approaching train.

The road was dusty. A hot wind had blown the dust into little grey heaps. . . . For weeks no rain had fallen. The woman's breath came pantingly as she faced the hill again with grim determination. Through the still air echoes rang clear. From the distance, away across the meadows, came the sound of laughter. She shrank back as she heard it, peering into the darkness.

Presently a cat came down the road, arching its back angrily. It gave a low hiss as it approached; in the darkness its eyes gleamed. The woman stooped to caress it. It slunk away, then recovered itself, and fawned upon her, pressing its black head against the duller black of her gown. Its eyes were the only light in the darkness.

She walked on slowly, wearily, the cat following. In silence, without pausing, past field and hedgerow, avenue and garden, uphill and down. At the bend of the hill she stopped uncertainly: two roads joined. It was too dark to read the directions on the sign-post. Beyond her, backed by trees, a white stretch of carriage-drive led through two gates. Behind them stood the house which she was seeking.

Up the lower road, in the direction of the house, two figures were sauntering slowly. The woman knelt close against the hedge, waiting, motionless, till they passed her.

"Didn't Beatrice look pretty to-night? And isn't her dress lovely?" Dolly's voice rang clear in the darkness.

"I don't know, dear; I've forgotten."

"Oh, Dick! you men forget everything—except yourselves! Beatrice is beautifully happy. And Hal. . . ."

The woman, crouching against the hedge, leaned forward breathlessly. The next words were lost.

" . . . Glad he's got something good at last. You know he's had an awfully bad time." The man was speaking. "The handicap of his marriage. . . ."

"His marriage! Hal's?" Dolly's voice grew shrill with surprise. "What on earth do you mean? Hal's not married!"

"Don't you know?" It was Dick Hunt's turn to be astonished. "It's all right. She died some time ago. He's free."

"Free! He calls it *free*! Dick, you're hateful. Widowers are *dreadful*. I wouldn't have let Beatrice be engaged to him at all, if I'd known."

"You don't know what you're saying. Hal only married the woman out of some mistaken sense of honour—reparation, I suppose. He never cared for her."

"Perhaps somebody will say that of me one day, when I'm dead! . . . It's horrid to be a woman and have men say such things when one can't defend oneself. Oh, I think it's dreadful altogether!"

"Dearest!" Dick's protest went disregarded. The two passed on. Presently another pair of lovers came slowly through the garden-gate, and stood silent for a little near the watching woman, silhouetted in the dark avenue of trees. The moon, which had hidden itself in undue modesty all the evening, shone out suddenly. The man's voice broke the silence.

"I've something to tell you, dear—something which I can't leave any longer. May I say it now?"

"Bad news or good?"

"Something that happened to me once. A fragment of a story. Something connected—with a woman who loved me."

"Whom you loved?"

He hesitated for a moment. "No, I never loved her. That was the sin."

"I wonder if I am a coward," Beatrice said. She leant back suddenly against him, looking out into the night. "I'm not sure that I want to hear."

He held her closer for a moment.

"If it were my duty—"

"That cold question can't come in. Dear, you are wiser, better than I. Help me! *Must* I hear? If I must, I will—but I would sooner not."

He watched her silently. After a moment she continued: "A man's past belongs only to his wife. When I am that—" His eyes held hers. "Tell me then; I'd sooner wait. It's the one way I can prove my trust."

There was a long silence. The light shone down upon the two. Beyond them the woman knelt, drawing her breath sharply and painfully.

"You are the only person who has ever understood me," the girl said after a while. "Yet even you know so little! I have a story too which I must tell you some day, the story of the Mrs. Granger who lives with me. I can't yet. It would seem a breach of confidence. She has suffered so! Your law seems never to have worked out in her life."

"The law of compensation?"

"You call it that." The girl smiled back. "To me it seems love—love which only hurts to heal."

"Love can't hurt, dear. It can only heal. That's where you mistake."

"Love means *you*," the girl said passionately. "And you mean all that makes life worth. All that I am, all I have ever hoped to be, is yours. If you were to go . . . That's where I pity Mrs. Granger. She gave up the man she loved. I couldn't. I'm not brave enough. You're everything to me. I can't realise life without you—here or hereafter."

It was late. Above, the clouds hung low; the heavy rain had fallen, the roads were wet, the dust was laid. In the big house the lights were extinguished.

Below the woman still crouched cheerlessly. The cat had crept in under her sheltering skirts, and lay there sleeping. The rain had soaked her through. Hours had passed, but she stayed on, mute and quivering, shaken every now and then by the stirring of some great emotion. Her life had passed before her in those significant moments—her mistaken, handicapped life. . . . The law of compensation—she could have laughed at the thought of it. A law for the rich to believe in, for the happy to console themselves with. . . .

There came to her a sudden flash of memory—a scene out of the past; a scarlet sun, and the hot breath of tropical perfume, the warmth of kisses on her cheek. "And now he says that he never loved me," she said. "Oh, God! have men no memories? Is it always the woman who treasures, and the man who destroys?"

Vaguely, as in a dream, the tragedies of her life, as in a puppet-show, played themselves out before her. She stood outside them; she judged them critically; they did not convince. There she had played her part well—there, ill. It was a dreary enough record, there was little light or colour in it, only the memory of a week's kisses—the splendour of an Indian wooing.

She roused herself wearily. "I never loved her. There was the sin." The words burnt themselves upon her brain. They were seared into the hills by the flashes of forked lightning which lit up the meadows; they echoed in the thunder and the dripping rain.

The law of compensation. . . . a law of love. . . . Yes, when one is happy, such a law is possible. A woman who has renounced finds it less easy to con the phrase. Compensation—compensation—that was all she asked. To look upon him once, near. . . . To know him as her own, and go. . . . Her own? No, for Love alone can pay Love's debts. And he loved someone else.



MISS KATHLEEN FRANCIS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

As things stood, that love was a wrong. Her brain was working slowly to-night. She repeated the words to herself aloud to make them clear. A wrong—because of her. She stood between. And they were the two whom she loved best on earth.

In the opposite window the light went suddenly out. A breeze sprung fitfully into life, the trees stirred. A few drops of rain fell on her gown. Everyone was asleep—Dolly, Beatrice, and Hal.

She rose painfully, for her cramped limbs refused their office. The cat looked up and yawned, creeping back into the shelter of the hedge. "The law of compensation!" she said; "the law of compensation!"

Day was dawning. Her face looked grey in the dim light. Turning, she made her way slowly down the hill again in the direction of the station.

"How shall we ever break it to Beatrice?" sobbed Dolly. "It was so dreadful! The porters say Mrs. Granger must have fainted. She just fell on the line."

Up the garden-walk Beatrice was approaching, her hands laden with lilies. Her lover was with her; the sun lit up their happy faces.

"Don't cry, sweet," said Dick tenderly. "They're too happy to care."

But Dolly drew away. "I never said I pitied her," she remarked. "I pretended not to care. And I *did* care all the time. She was so beautiful! With all the rest of us, even with Hal himself, Beatrice's law of compensation has worked itself out. But with her, things never were made up to her at all."

A white butterfly flew past them, soaring high. Dolly's eyes softened. "—Perhaps elsewhere —?" she said.

WATER SPRINGS.

The water-supply question is agitating not only Londoners, but almost every town and village; indeed, in some of the latter the position is most serious, for when the local spring or well fails the inhabitants have to travel miles in search of water. The rainfall has been below the average for the past two years, consequently deep wells and springs that were thought to be unfailing are either dry or giving a very short supply, and the dry bed of many watercourses may be traced for miles. The Bulbourne, which rises near Tring, is in this condition, and the numerous watercress-beds which lie in its course are dried up, the cress dying off. The Grand Junction Canal, which runs parallel with this stream for some miles, is lower than at any time during the past quarter of a century, and at each lock, of which there are fifty-five between Tring and London, barges are kept waiting; in order to economise the

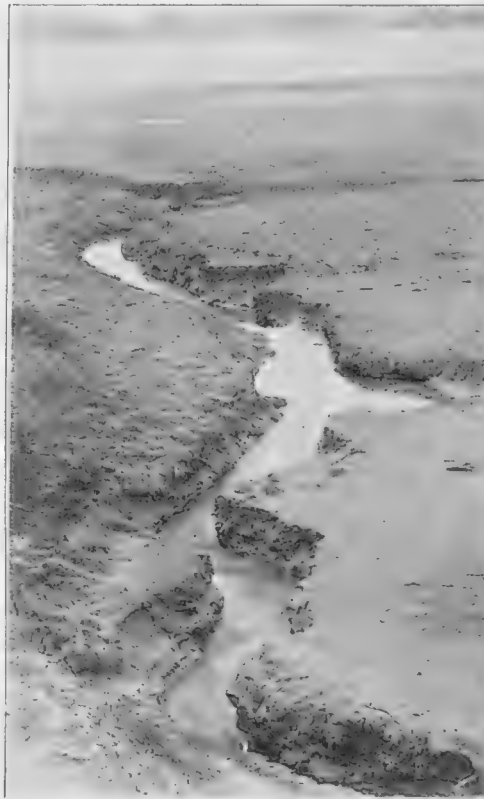


THE WELL-HEAD AT WENDOVER, ONE OF THE HEAD SPRINGS OF THE THAMES.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

water, no vessels are allowed to pass up unless there are others ready to go down, or *vice versa*, thus making one lock of water serve for two pairs of boats. The summit of this canal is reached at Tring; it is three miles in length and four hundred and ten feet above the sea-level,

or somewhat higher than the dome of St. Paul's. The water is now eighteen inches below the ordinary level. Six immense reservoirs were constructed to catch the rainfall from the Chilterns; these have long since been pumped dry. A canal has also been constructed, which, leaving the summit at Bulbourne, is carried at the same level to



A STREAM IN THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE GRAND JUNCTION RESERVOIRS, TRING.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

Wendover, a distance of five miles, where the company tapped several springs which it was thought would give a constant supply. This year there is but a small stream trickling along the muddy bottom, and this canal has been closed to traffic for months past. The springs at Wendover is known as the "Well-head." It consists of several cup-shaped depressions in the side of a hill; round these cups the water is slowly bubbling through cracks in the chalky soil, looking beautifully cool and clear. At the time of my visit, the miller, who lives hard by, was just shutting down a sluice-gate to dam up the stream; by this means he would, in the course of twelve hours, obtain a small head of water, sufficient to work his mill for a short time; then the wheel would stop, and he must repeat the operation—wary work, as he remarked. It is somewhat remarkable that there should be any water flowing at such a height (four hundred and twenty feet above the sea). This spring is one of the sources of the Thames, which reminds one of the efforts that are being made to purify that river. The inspector employed by the Thames Conservancy surprised many of the natives of this district by the statement that they were polluting the Thames when they permitted the ducks to disport themselves in the village brook or turned the local drain into the same. The wash-brook too, much to their astonishment, he condemned, and in one place a sturdy villager spoke up, and told the inspector that sheep had been washed there for generations, and nobody was a penny the worse, and, what was more, they would continue to wash them there. No one should stop them—no, not even if they stood with a drawn sword in their hand. His declaration was much applauded, and, needless to say, the wash-brook is still in use.

The Aylesbury District Council was recently summoned for polluting a tributary of the Thames, when their counsel raised a somewhat novel point. Said he to the inspector, "Can you say of your own knowledge that this stream flows into the Thames?" "No," said the inspector, "but it is so shown on the maps." "Then," said the local counsel, "I ask for the case to be dismissed." But the inspector applied for an adjournment, saying he would employ a man to follow and trace the course of the stream the whole distance, forty miles. Case accordingly adjourned for this to be done. One can pity the person employed, for "crooked as a dog's hind leg" is the local description of this stream.

Along the dried-up bottom of one of the company's reservoirs a small stream had forced its way, affording an object-lesson on the formation of rivers and the reason of their crooked and winding course. Each obstacle it met with, stone or hard surface, had served to turn and give it a new direction; miniature cliffs overhung the streamlet, which, rushing along, scored a deeper channel every day. Thus river beds were formed; from Father Thames, with his broad valley, to the mighty Cañons of Colorado, where the gorges are four thousand feet deep, all commenced like this small stream.

A BICYCLE-BOAT.

The hydro-cycle, or water-cycle, is the outcome of the bicycle and the Briton's innate love of the water. Mr. John Forrest Walters, of Clyde House, Twickenham, has for several years been trying to solve the water-cycle problem, with the result as sketched. The illustration is a snap-shot taken of the boat travelling at the rate of twelve miles an hour without any undue exertion, and a pace that can be maintained for hours. With this boat a cyclist would not only outstrip a sculler of equal calibre, but would be able to keep going long after the sculler had given up through exhaustion. The feature of this invention is the propeller, which is nothing more or less than a copy of the canoe-paddle of the primitive savage, harnessed in such a fashion as to be driven mechanically by the feet. Place two men in a canoe and let each paddle from opposite sides at the rate of five hundred strokes a minute, and you will get the effect of this simple contrivance. This mechanical canoe-paddle is far more efficient, having less slip than either the screw or paddle-wheel of everyday use. This has been demonstrated in the water-cycle, where the power-generator is extremely sensitive to any loss of energy in transmission. There is no reason why it should not come into general use. The inventor, satisfied



A BICYCLE BOAT THAT GOES TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.

with his data, has designed a boat for eight riders, which he hopes to have ready to try with crews of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. He feels quite confident that eight well-trained riders will be able to give the crews a quarter-mile start on the course and a beating.

A REGIMENTAL PET.

I fancy it was not so much the sight of the beautiful alignment in which the Welch (not Welsh, mark you) Regiment went by in the march-past at the close of the recent manoeuvres that made the spectators break forth into cheering as the fact that their pet goat, clad in regimental scarlet, with becoming dignity, headed the battalion past the Commander-in-Chief. The old 41st Regiment has had several goats, all great favourites in their day, and Drummer Tim Davis, the custodian, can tell many an interesting anecdote concerning his successive charges. He has daily groomed and disciplined his four-legged non-combatants for twenty years. The present pet is of Scotch origin, and it is only two years since he was taken "on the strength of the regiment" at Plymouth, where its predecessor, born close to Rorke's Drift and ten years "the Welch goat," died amid general sorrow. The regiment generally is very proud of the marching abilities of the goat.



"THE WELCH GOAT."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



MISS MIMI ST. CYR.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

By a curious oversight I named one of M. Reutlinger's photographs, reproduced in these columns on the 21st ult., Miss Mimi St. Cyr. Miss St. Cyr reminds me that she was not the lady represented, and in proof sends me this picture.



"DEYO."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Last autumn I referred to "Deyo" during her engagement at the Palace Theatre. Since then I hear that she has been making a "hit" in South Africa and on the Continent, and has been re-engaged for next season in the cities in which she has appeared.



MR. SCOTT RUSSELL IN "THE DANDY FIFTH," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Paris, where the fashions come from, to paraphrase Penley, is at the moment so intrigued over various political excitements, in which men and women of all classes are feverishly engaged, that even hats and frocks remain at a temporarily secondary rate of interest, all of which,



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A PRETTY WINTER WALKING DRESS.

taken in conjunction with our eccentrically long-continued fine weather, has had the abnormal effect of reducing the millinery imagination to a comatose condition and the millinery output of new-season developments to a fractional part of its ordinary well-grown quantum. A third depressing influence has, perhaps, been the death of Doucet, who was, like Worth of worthy memory, a Triton among the ruck of modish minnows. Many are the stories told of this famous *chef* in chiffons—his amazing grasp of the “best points” in each specimen of eternal femininity brought under his notice, and the unfailing aptitude in applying such resources as would emphasise the good and tone down the absent virtues of each client’s “altogether.” Doucet had besides this the gift of convincing each well-pleased customer that she herself was the apple of his artistic eye—professionally speaking, of course, and one unpublished incident which helped in early years to establish his future fame was the art with which he impressed on a small, stout, and wealthy Russian Princess the hitherto unsuspected fact that she was a quite divinely moulded Hebe, and only wanted careful dressing to raise her to the front rank of beauty. “Ach!” he cried afterwards, though, to a brother artist, “but what an affrighting waist, and the stomach below it—*grand Dieu!* But I have thought Madame out, and stripes shall be therefore worn in St. Petersburg this winter.” So they were, for Paris was not easy of access in those days, and the Muscovite ladies held great store by its treasured edicts and opinions. Most of the smart French actresses

have been dressed by “Papa Doucet,” and at *premières* the Master Milliner was a well-known and looked-for figure, but now neither the Rue de la Paix nor Neuilly know him more, though at the former place we shall still have the benefit of his son’s critical and well-trained taste in chiffons.

Some items of up-to-date intelligence sent me by a friend who is overhauling the Paris shops at the moment are, meanwhile, all very decisive items of news for present digestion—one being that the *en forme* flounce is not used by the best modistes, and this notwithstanding that some of our conservative fashion papers still give it as illustrating the only voice; another, that the long skirt, so very tight over the hips and so very full over the feet, is made with a buttoned-up plaquet-hole, which is, besides, lowered about six inches—the new style causing unexpected developments when wearers thereof sit down, unless this latest amendment has been introduced. Fawns, buffs, and browns, profusely braided, and trimmed with contrasting strips of fur—for instance, chinchilla on cigar-brown, sable on dove-colour, and so on—are appearing as mid-season dresses on those of the Paris *monde* who have, so far, returned to their beloved Lutitia. Millinery is appropriately autumnal, and guinea-fowl plumage is the *cri* among all the other wings and stiff plumage sent over from Seine-side mode-makers. The early Victorian drooped brim, with wide velvet bows and broad bands of breast feathers laid along the brim, is a style rescued from antiquity, and, though not unquestionably smart or becoming, is a very generally accepted one. Chenille is everywhere, not alone on cloaks and gowns, but on hat-brims, ribbons, and even the feathers thereof. Light-coloured felts are also a distinct and welcome novelty. Hitherto we have been,



[Copyright.]

A BRAIDED TAILOR-MADE.

except with velvet hats, accustomed to take our winter head-coverings rather sadly, but this new outbreak of pale-blue, pink, mauve, and light-green felt hats is a cheerful departure, and one destined to much appreciative adoption. Nor can it be said that we are restricted to

any one style or shape. For those to whom the mushroom variety is less than kind there are others that may be more than kin. For hats there are plenty which turn up at the back, or the front, or the side, all three arrangements being equally in the list of well-worn wearables. To agree with our low-worn coiffure, we are, I hear, threatened with an invasion of the old pork-pie hat, as seen in photographs of our aunts' early days and in other half-forgotten nightmares of pictures. Again, two particularly smart toques made in Paris for twin sisters, which I have seen, are in tulle and fur, which is the newest combination in millinery. Each is treated, moreover, to a large osprey, which, notwithstanding all that has been said, sung, and written concerning the cruelty of procuring it, is still an accepted accompaniment of all the best hats for this season. The most lovely floral ribbon embroidery done in different natural colourings is used on felt hat crowns, and this charming and effective revival is also to be seen on many gowns and mantles; while another half-forgotten accompaniment, namely, chenille embroidery, will be found plentifully used on most garments for day or outdoor wear. On the pretty winter walking-dress, for example, which we have illustrated, this style of trimming appears, being used on the dark drab velvet bodice in conjunction with an embroidery of silver cord, while a vest of folded turquoise silk makes charming cause with this fashionable colour. The skirt of face cloth in tone to match bodice is also treated to drab and silver braid and a piping of turquoise. To be worn with this dress is a drab cloth cape, elaborately set forth with velvet hood and flounce, matching the bodice it is designed to cover. Rosette-shaped applications of lace appear on flounce, which is furthermore headed with a curved edging of Astrachan and braid—a very ornate example of the genus cape, indeed, altogether. Those contemplating a new clause in the tailor-made article may also find the elaborately shaped and braided version of claret-coloured covert coating to their minds. The cut-away morning-coat version is new, and the chiffon jabot undoubtedly becoming, but it is only a fine-day frock, and winter weather is more appropriately met perhaps in the many versions of the chic short coat which Frenchwomen are taking so freely to their figures and affections at present.

Pheasants and the First have been the signal for many departures and arrivals at country-houses all over the land, and the packed condition of trains going South spoke loudly of this change of quarters last week. Many, of course, had finished their holiday rounds, and, the various Northern Meetings being over, were making for town; but personally I am among the relieving-guard contingent still, having only exchanged the golden bracken and grouse moors of the Highlands for their prototypes in gallant little Wales, where mixed bags and the unmeasured amusing incident of a well-chosen house-party make the hours go gaily. One young woman who in virtue of her husband's diplomatic relations was at the Dutch Coronation may be said to be the heroine of our after-dinner *quart d'heure* at the moment, for, besides the local colour she is thus enabled to impart to our bald newspaper impressions of that scene, she has, furthermore, a new and gorgeous gown for each evening with which to maintain our jealous interest; and as all this finery came fresh from Paris for the various functions, the wearer thereof is received as a very sign-post, not to say sign-manual of millinery, particularly by two or three excellent matrons whose journeys to London from their native shires are so infrequent as to warrant their receiving even last year's fashions, did one wear them, with exceeding good faith. One of the dresses aforesaid, which figured at a Court reception in Holland last month, is really worth noting, notwithstanding its advanced age of four weeks. It was made at the Maison Doucet, and is in a full shade of lustrous sky-blue satin, scalloped and embroidered around the décolletage with turquoise silver cord and paste. The waistbelt is of beetroot-coloured velvet tightly drawn in folds, and loops of the same warm colour compose the little sleeves, which are finished off with some rare old lace. A feature in the decoration of the long-trained skirt are the Louis Quinze bows of sable edging which appear on front and at both sides. The fur is only inch wide, and is bordered with narrow lines of turquoise and paste embroidery to match bodice. It also edges the skirt all round. I have not lately seen a more beautiful or effective costume, and the style of trimming is one, moreover, which might, it seems to me, be repeated on a winter wedding-dress with splendid results, or on a light-coloured satin-velvet dinner-gown—skunk on yellow, or zibeline on enamel, for instance.

The rage for black-and-white has by no means abated in Paris, notwithstanding the many different colours put forward for our winter consideration. Even the newest muff-chains are of alternate beads of crystal and cut jet, while the novelties in buttons are all of the former stone, many of the new olive or barrel-shaped cut crystal buttons being sold *en suite* with a waist-buckle to match. Those charming applications of white-and-black lace with which our summer muslins were so effectively overlaid this past season are being repeated in materials of tougher fibre for the present and coming months. Large floral and conventional designs done in braid and sequins, with sometimes gauze and velvet let in, support with great success our present inclination for much-trimmed dresses. They also save the labour of hand-braiding, and are every whit as effective as its best displays. A house-dress of deep mauve cashmere, with applications of black lace and tucked ribbon in a large floral pattern has been made for a friend's slight mourning. Another of her dresses is a white velvet for evening wear, with large applications of orchids in jet and narrow black ribbon, which look like hand embroideries, but are much more effective. Both beautiful gowns come from Paquin, of Paris. A third dress done for this same expensive young person is by Jay; the material, a dove grey cloth, both skirt and

bodice being made in rather deep tucks, finished by a waistband and square chemisette of mauve velvet. There is no collar, which is replaced by a mauve ribbon velvet with two cut jet slides. The disappearance of the collar-band has brought back this pretty and becoming fashion of velvet or ribbon neckbands, and some of the new pearl and diamond slides just brought out by the enterprising and artistic Parisian Diamond Company excel in daintiness and design the best antique models upon which our grandmothers set such store. For evening wear I notice that most of the best-dressed women now generally possess, moreover, a diamond-slided pearl collar, which is, again, a *spécialité* of the Parisian Diamond Company, and admittedly the most becoming jewel a woman can wear, whether with the low-cut sleeveless toilette or with the comfortable chiffon-sleeved, high-necked evening-gown; for winter home dinners, or theatres, these pearl collars are the smartest possible adjunct of the toilette. They are, moreover, especially suitable to the present style of dress and hairdressing; nor need any one sigh for the possession of so expensive a toy, as in real jewels the "dog-collar" would undoubtedly be, when at any of the Parisian Diamond Company's three shops exquisite designs of these desirable jewels are to be seen which rival—I had almost said excel—the best productions of the



AN AUTUMN CAPE.

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jeweller. At their little shop 85, New Bond Street one can, in fact, see specimens of gem-setting that must inevitably make one question the *raison d'être* of owning real stones and their accompanying responsibilities when such exquisite productions can be so easily and inexpensively owned instead.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK.—(2) Yes, the sable cloak was for a countrywoman of yours, and came from the International Fur Store in Regent Street. (2) I think you would find your maid indispensable under the circumstances. They would put her up at the Hôtel Cecil for six shillings a-day, which is cheap enough surely.

BRIDE ELECT.—I doubt if you can do better than Elkington's. Their name for excellence is well deserved. You would want two dozen of each.

COUNTRYFIED.—(1) The fashion has by no means gone out; on the contrary, the tortoise as an ornament is now very evident for buckles, brooches, and even hat-pins, and in other ways. It is generally studded with stones, after the manner of the "real things" jewelled coat which was one of the Parisienne's last summer freaks. (2) The lace coats I spoke of last week you would get at Jay's or Peter Robinson's. Yes, lace and fur will be used together, and on millinery tulle and fur.

HOSTESS.—I do not know, but M. Benoist, of Piccadilly, would undoubtedly be able to tell you where the French cosques you mention can be bought. He might possibly order them for you, as everything in connection with the table is, of course, in his way.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

MONEY.

The Money Market keeps hard, and for day-to-day-loans as much as 2½ is asked, but it is pretty generally believed that before the end of the month things will be easier, and, choice three months, paper has been done at 2½ per cent. Our own opinion is that for the next few weeks rates will be easier, but that it is by no means safe to speculate as to what will happen towards the end of the year.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

It is singular that the stocks of the two Scotch Railways most widely known in Throgmorton Street should have fallen into a state of almost complete neglect. The Caledonian and North British markets have the advantage—or disadvantage—of being, to a large extent, worked from the North, operators at Glasgow and Edinburgh having, of course, means of obtaining information in advance of the London Stock Exchange. For the eight weeks ending September 25 the half-year's working shows in both cases a substantial increase, that of the Caledonian amounting to £19,647, while the North British return is £18,589 over that of the corresponding eight weeks last year. The Caledonian Company has seven and the North British fifteen and a-quarter miles more than those worked in 1897. From all accounts the banks on the Clyde are now exceptionally busy; trade is good in nearly all the departments of ship-building, and at present the men appear to be satisfied with their wages. It is, perhaps, rash to advise the purchase of a Scotch Railway stock on the eve of the winter season, but we consider that at 53½ Coras (Caledonian Deferred) look reasonably cheap. The stock is now ex-dividend, as is also North British Ordinary, of whose future course it is more difficult to form an opinion. The price of the latter is almost the lowest touched this year, but the market is a more restricted one than that for Caledonian Deferred, besides usually being "all one way"—all buyers or all unloaders. The October traffics last year averaged a trifle under £78,000 per week, which is not a large amount to surpass. We are inclined to think that a present purchase of either for a couple of points' profit might turn out to be a profitable transaction between now and the end of the year.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

The latest cloud introduced into the American Market is a fear lest the Republican interest should be ousted at the forthcoming elections, and this cause has, to a certain extent, acted as a damper upon the anticipations of bumper traffics this autumn. The account open in London is a very trifling one, and the fact that "bulls" had to pay 1 per cent. more on Contango day than they did in the middle of September account had very little influence on the market. Fears of dearer money in New York appear to have been run for what little they were worth by the "bear" division, and the United States' demand for gold is merely the result of the large debt which is owing this year to New York by Europe.

After the peace news had been all discounted, it was not very surprising that the market should have relapsed into an inanimate condition, considering that London had given very little support to the American boomlet in August. Prices, however, are well on the way to the highest quotations recorded this year, and the sentiment on both sides of the water appears to be "bullish." One of the most disastrous things an investor or a speculator can do, however, is to follow the fashion, and a good deal of prudence must be exercised before any particular stock is selected for purchasing purposes. With the expansion of trade that has visited the United States since the close of the war with Spain, the railways are bound to reap substantial benefits, and gilt-edged American Railroad bonds can be bought with safety. For a gambling counter pure and simple, Missouri would, perhaps, do as well as anything, and the market tip is still to buy Northern Pacific common stock and Central Pacifics. Of the Preferred shares Erie Firsts look fairly cheap, but the market in these is a very bad one, and a dollar profit should not be allowed to slip. On the whole, it looks as though a steady advance in Yankees might be looked for this fall.

THE MINING MARKET.

There has been a considerable amount of speculation in Rhodesian concerns in which, of course, Chartered have taken the lead, and the result of the Geelong crushing is awaited with no small amount of anxiety. The enthusiasts talk about 30 dwt. to the ton, but if the result gives anything like 18 dwt. or one ounce to the ton, there can be no doubt that the reputation of part at least of Rhodesia will be re-established. We need not refer to the rumours which day after day profess to give the result and are no sooner circulated than they are contradicted. At the time of writing no authentic information has been published, but our readers should, in any event, remember that it is not difficult to make a first crushing look fairly well, and that the true standard of a mine is often only arrived at after the batteries have been at work several months. Our Rhodesian correspondent, writing from personal examination of the mine upon the spot, has given our readers an expert judgment of the probable value of the ore, and we have every confidence that whatever may be the result of the first crushing, his judgment will be justified in the long run.

In the West Australian Market the Bottomley group have had a

considerable rise, and, as we write, West Australian Joint Stock Trusts and Northern Terrors appear to be both approaching par. We know that Mr. Bottomley is in his most sanguine mood, and that an attempt will be made to engineer a further rise for all he and his friends are worth. The time to sell has not yet come, and holders of all Bottomley stocks will do well to sit still, at least for the present. Our opinion is too well known to need repeating on the intrinsic merits of the various enterprises; but we would rather be buyers (from a purely market point of view) than sellers just now.

An explanation of the London and Globe cheque to the late City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is promised in a circular to the shareholders, and we must possess our souls in patience as to what the most noble the Marquis of Dufferin and his fellow-directors have to say about it. When the long-delayed explanation is made public we may have some further observations to make. The auditors should also tell us the explanation which induced them to pass the payment.

LAKE VIEW AND IVANHOE.

Without these two babies where would the London and Globe Finance Corporation be? That is the question which people are now asking, and it is fortunate for Globe shareholders that both Lake Views and Ivanhoes are standing in the forefront of the West Australian Market in regard to prestige and to price. The Lake View Consols, Limited, was formed in 1896 to acquire two gold-mining leases in the Hannan's district,

which originally were the property of the Lake View and Boulder East Gold-Mining Company, an Adelaide concern. The capital is £250,000 in £1 shares, of which the Vendor Company received £220,000 in fully paid shares as the purchase price, while the remaining £30,000 was issued for public subscription in June 1896. The balance to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, shown by the statement issued last December, was £128,849, and since its incorporation the Company has returned exactly its capital to the original holders. A dividend of ten shillings was declared last October, and another of the same amount in April this year. The "bulls" are ardently hoping that next month will see an advance upon the half-sovereign. Crashings this year have been good, and the recent rich strike in the 300 feet level ought to have a potent effect upon the Lake View's profits. A comparison of the yields of the two Companies in ounces is interesting—

	1896	1897	1898
Lake View	17,214	73,009	79,915 (9 months)
Ivanhoe	10,636	26,986	25,839 (9 months)

Lake Views command a premium of 1000 per cent.; the quotation of Ivanhoes stands at 50 per cent. above the issue price. The Ivanhoe capital, however, is four times as great as that of its neighbour, and the million pounds is all issued in shares of £5 each. It has only been in working order since last October in its present form, although the twenty-four acre block had previously been worked by another Adelaide Company, as in the case of the Lake View Consols. No dividend has yet been declared, and the price at one time this year fell to 4½. The last making-up price, 7½, was the highest of the year, and it is said that the "shop" does not intend to allow the price of either Company's shares to fall any appreciable way. However, as the Adelaide Market largely controls the quotations, the shares must of necessity be always open to violent fluctuations. Lake Views, if they should declare another 10s. dividend next month, are, perhaps, worth buying to yield 10 per cent., but the property is a comparatively small one, and the latter remark applies to the Ivanhoe Gold Corporation, which has not yet received a dividend at all. If the Globe Company has to go on peddling out its shares every time it wants to raise a little money, an additional element of speculation is added, and those people who attempt to dabble in the shares without backstairs' knowledge are skating over very thin ice.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Pasillaninous isn't the word for our present markets; they deserve a much stronger one, and prices cannot advance two or three points without a political cloud arising on the horizon which swells from a man's-hand size to one embracing several markets under its ill-omened shadow. The House hangs on politics: crashings are disregarded in favour of Continental "agreements," railway traffics have no effect upon a market dominated by the fear of the famous Li. There was a broker the other day in the Consol Market amusing himself with a home-made list of the politico-financial skeletons, and no sooner seen than 'twas



THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.
CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON AND GLOBE FINANCE CORPORATION.

"made a note on." Arranged in two parallel columns, it ran something like this—

MARKET.	SKELETON.
Consols.	China, Russia, Germany, Crete, &c., <i>ad lib.</i>
Home Rails.	Same as Consols.
Yankees.	A Republican defeat at the forthcoming elections.
Argentines and Chilians.	Frontier demarcation.
Chinese Stocks.	The Dowager Empress.
Spanish, Italian, and De Beers.	L'Affaire Dreyfus.
Kaffirs.	The taint of Kruger.

I refrain from quoting any more, although the list is capable of indefinite expansion, but this is enough to show the murky atmosphere prevailing in some of the leading markets. Business has so far shown little sign of awaking, and fluctuations in prices are largely the result of sentiment—in fact, there is a good deal more "tone" than trade round the House.

The gilt-edged markets keep surprisingly steady, although the Funds quietly recede, dropping a sixteenth here and a sixteenth there when they think no one will notice it. Money, however, is still fairly plentiful, but the carrying-over rate on Consols stiffened to 3 per cent. at one time last Friday, the beginning of their monthly settlement, although this was partly due to the fact of its being the end of the quarter, when money is usually in request. A feature of the month is the fact that only some ten new companies have dared to emerge from their promoters' offices during September, and the total capital asked for was barely over three millions and a-half sterling. Colonial securities are featureless, and only an occasional bargain here and there attests the vitality of a once popular part of the Stock Exchange.

Foreigners have absorbed a good deal of attention, and Brazilian bonds have rapidly advanced in favour upon the rise in the Rio exchange. Argentine stocks have also sparkled up at what appears to be good ground for a final settlement of the frontier dispute with Chili. The 6 per cent. Funding loan made up at 91½, only 1½ per cent. under the best price touched this year, and the buoyancy was helped by Morgan's announcement that the Deferred interest warrants of the 1891 Funding loan will be paid this month at the rate of 83 per cent. It is now a subject for wonder why the warrants should not be redeemed at par, as there seems to be plenty of money to do it with. Chinese stocks have kept remarkably steady, and the Peking palace intrigue is regarded more as a "flea-bite in the ocean" of Chinese politics than as anything to make a fuss about. Peking Syndicates, over in the Miscellaneous Market, dropped to 10½, but otherwise the latest development of the Chinese puzzle has not troubled the House to any great extent. Paris has apparently neglected speculation in Spanish in favour of banging De Beers, and the great diamond company's shares have again been selected as a good mark for "bear" tactics. Rumours got round about a fresh directorial circular last Friday. "Three more circulars," soliloquised a jobber, "and we shall see De Beers at 20." The Foreign Market has got over its excitement at the five years' suspension of one of its members, whose deal in £50,000 Chilean bonds is not likely to be forgotten for some time to come.

The Home Railway Market has had a fit of the blues, Dover "A" distinguishing itself by touching the lowest point recorded this year—105½. Hull and Barnsley has formed a strong feature, and the resolutions are now carried for raising additional capital, as well as for retiring the existing Preference, by the issue of 3½ per cent. redeemable Preference stock. The Underground stocks were inquired for after Mr. Forbes' statement at the District meeting on Thursday with reference to the coming electric traction which will soon be *un fait accompli* on the Inner Circle. The American Market is just now presenting an attractive change to the dull monotony of the life of a Home Railway jobber, and I notice that Mr. Moseley has left the lovely maidens of Bertha brigade for the more exciting joys of Milwaukee and of Louisville. Yankees have been somewhat neglected of late, and the rate-war question is shelved for a while. Fluctuations are narrow on the week, but a country client wired up to his broker in wild excitement on Thursday, asking the cause of the sudden slump of 2½ dollars in Milwaukee. "Ex-dividend," rewired the broker laconically.

The Kaffir and Kangaroo divisions have been once more in active competition for the fickle favour of the hour. Kaffirs have had anticipations of the Geelong crushing to play with, and the most absurd estimates have been advanced. One was 3 dwt. to the ton, another said 23 dwt., although everyone knew that such guesses were quite unreliable. Geelong fell to under 3, and Chartereds were sympathetically touched. Goldfields have been a dead market, spite of the public debut of their two children, the South Goldenhuis Deep and the South Rose Deep, both of which are quoted, as I write, at about 2½. The Kaffir Circus won the bicycle raffle by jobbers in the Cycle Market. One of the rafflers who drew a blank spitefully wanted to know if this was the way in which the cycle companies intended to work off some of their surplus stocks, but he was ignored. Mr. Stenning jun. has probably the cheapest Rudge-Whitworth in the House; it cost him only an eighth (no figure) for his ticket, and this in a very limited market. So was the Westralian, until Bottomley's bantlings began to be kicked into a semblance of life again. No sustained rise can come, even if the Market Trust does get in all its overdue calls and can command a new set of operations, until some new tangible result in the shape of output is announced. Mr. Bottomley remarked at the meeting of his Joint Stock Trust the other day that they had now reached what he would call the second stage of development in their Westralian enterprises. How many more stages are there to be? A seven-and-sixpenny dividend on Hannan's Brownhill was gratefully welcomed by the market, and new Globe shares are quoted "par to a jam-tart," which means that at three pence per share premium you could have them, and as many as you like.

The Patron Saint of the Stock Exchange visited his charge on the morning of the Account-day, and seemed much pleased at the various alterations carried off since his last pastoral visit. He was attired in a long black coat, a clerical collar, and a soft black hat (*inter alia*, of course), and he was chaperoned—this Patron Saint of ours—by a well-known dealer, whose quaint English is the inexhaustible delight of his brethren. The smiling stranger vanished shortly after ten o'clock, and his place was soon filled by the noisy crowd of those whose confessor he is supposed to be. "Pity he did not wait to hear the sins of the Committee," commented a member to

ARGENTINA AND CHILI.

The steady fall in the Argentine gold premium, even when most alarming telegrams were being sent from South America, has quite prepared everybody for the pacific settlement of the dispute, which the market now looks upon as certain. There is a large "bull" account in River Plate securities, or the recovery would have been more pronounced than it has so far appeared to be.

The dividend of 3½ per cent. on the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway, making with the interim distribution 6 per cent. for the year, is distinctly satisfactory, especially when £100,000 is transferred to

reserve and the carry-forward is nearly five times as large as last year. Subject to a pacific solution of the boundary dispute, the outlook for River Plate securities appears very promising. The Central Argentine dividend will be announced the day these lines are in our readers' hands, but, as we write, the view taken by the market concerning it is distinctly a cheerful one.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Whatever comes of the certainly grave situation in China, we do not think the holders of Chinese bonds need feel any alarm. The contradictory reports and dribbles of news which come through the telegraph wires from day to day may be meat and drink for the "bulls" and the "bears," but, after all, the *bond-fide* holder need not bother himself very much as to whether the Emperor—late Emperor we ought, perhaps, to say—or the Empress Dowager rules in Peking. No sane person ever looked upon the Central Government in China as *the* security for his money, and although, if events were precipitated, and we were obliged to send Lord Kitchener and twenty thousand troops to support our rights, there might be a drop in prices, in the long run such an eventuality would certainly be for the bondholders' advantage. After all, we are the real masters of the situation—the only Power, in fact, that can put an army in Peking for the next two or three years—and the danger, if any, of the position lies in the constitutional inability of Lord Salisbury to take active steps for the support of our interests. When Alexandria was bombarded we bought every Egyptian bond that we could lay our hands upon, and if we saw any signs of an English army in Peking we should be rampant "bulls" of Chinese securities. It would be one of those chances which come to a man once in every lifetime—and only once.

ISSUE.

The N. A. P. Window Company, Limited, with a capital of £200,000, is offering 80,000 £1 6 per cent. Preference shares and 80,000 £1 Ordinary shares for public subscription. The board is a very good one, and the object at which the company aims is most praiseworthy. The mysterious letters stand for "National Accident Prevention," and it is claimed for the Company's speciality that it will, when generally adopted, quite remove the necessity for the dangerous and inconvenient habit of sitting on the window sills of high buildings to clean the outside of the glass. By a very ingenious device, the window, which slides up and down in the way we have hitherto been accustomed to, can be turned outside in, so that there should be no difficulty in getting ordinary house-servants to do the cleaning. As a graceful tribute to Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy disclosures, the promoters have thought wise to insert a paragraph stating that no reward, direct or indirect, is to be given to anyone for joining the board. It would not surprise us to see such a paragraph become quite fashionable this autumn.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. M.—Thank you for your letter. Should C. R. and Co. threaten proceedings, communicate with us again. It would be a good thing if the Post Office could prevent the circulation of these misleading statements, but how can it be done?

WILSTAN.—Your letter of the 24th ult. reached us after we had gone to press last week. Of course, you can resist the tout's claim, and you will be a fool if you pay a shilling. Instruct a solicitor to write them a letter repudiating all liability, and saying that he will accept service on your behalf of any process they may be foolish enough to issue. You will then hear no more of the matter.

CYCLE.—The report of the company has been issued since your letter was written, and no doubt you have got it. Under the circumstances, we need not answer your question, as the directors have done it for us.

WAKEFIELD.—(1) The price is said to be about a shilling, but it is purely nominal. Even if you could sell, it seems folly to do so, especially at a time when it is not unlikely that rubbish may improve. (2) The concern is a very old-established and respectable industrial, which pays about 5 per cent., and may well be held.

LIONEL.—(1) We would rather not advise. (2) Yes, the change you suggest is very likely to be advantageous. (3) There is a reconstruction on hand to which we hope to allude in our "City Notes" as soon as any details reach us.

A CONSTANT READER.—The quickest and cheapest way will be for you to cut your loss and have nothing to do with any more reconstructions. The concern was conceived in fraud, and will never be anything but a sink of money.

The Westralia and East Extensions Mines, Limited.—We are asked to state that the following telegram has been received from the mine, representing the result of the crushing for September: "Thirty stamps, running four hundred and twenty hours, crushed 1937 tons; yield of smelted gold, 1073 ounces."